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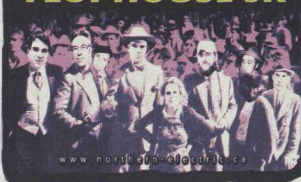
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03.10.2007

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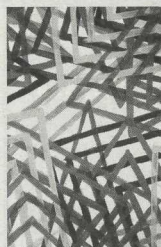
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COVER ART BY WILL BROWN

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## the Gentle Art of Editing

EARLIER THIS MONTH, WE RECEIVED A call from a print shop offering us a quote to print our magazine. Accustomed to solicitors from phone companies trying to con me into signing up for a new strings-attached contract, I didn't pay it much heed. When we followed up on the call the next week though, the numbers looked good, and we decided to investigate further. I asked if I could come pay a visit to their shop, to inspect their equipment and try to sound knowledgeable about plates and ink. They gave me an address in Burnaby, and I strapped in for a bicycle ride out to the wastelands of Metrotown.

After navigating the surprisingly efficient BC Parkway bike path, I arrived at a nondescript storefront, and began to suspect that I'd made a mistake. The low-lying building looked like it maybe had room to house a few photocopyers, but not the sprawling majesty of a web press. Entering the office in search of clues, I was greeted with a glass of water but no print shop—I was at the office of the *Epoch Times*, their affiliated printing press. As we set out to mend the mistake and recalibrate my bicycle for coordinates further along in North Burnaby, I decided to find out how a fellow publication was faring in the newspaper business.

Ad sales are a sore spot for most publications.

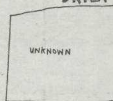
Online media is making serious incursions into the territory once held by print, and it's getting harder to convince businesses that their money is best spent on a piece of newsprint. Many companies already have relationships with other papers in town, and it takes a wily ad rep to lure them away from their established outlets. Still, with enough savvy and can-do spirit, it's possible to get by and (this is largely theoretical) turn a profit.

For the *Epoch Times*, however, things are a little more complicated. As an outspoken anti-Chinese Communist Party and pro-Falun Gong paper with branches in over 30 countries, they've received a lot of attention for their critical editorial stance. According to the newspaper staff, some of that attention hasn't exactly been friendly. They told us the Chinese Consulate in Vancouver has taken a special interest in *Epoch's* ad sales, going so far as to "suggest" that businesses "choose" to advertise elsewhere. I didn't want to get involved in someone else's beef, but I suddenly feel like maybe *Discorder* doesn't have it so bad.

Political intrigue aside, we've decided to give the new press a shot. It's a little unsettling to turn our labour of love over into unfamiliar hands, but I'm sure this issue will turn out beautifully, barring any Commie interference. But then again, we are several years behind on our Illuminati dues...

David Ravensbergen, Editor  
discorderd@gmail.com

### BRIEF



Briefs by Lauren Scott

## Discorder is looking for an Art Director and a Production Manager.

#### Production Manager Responsibilities:

- Liaise with the print shop on a monthly basis to schedule press date, delivery date and printing specifications
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# CINEMA ASPIRANT

Allan MacInnis

## Roeg Psychology

Few British filmmakers have created as energetic and striking a body of work as Nicolas Roeg. Known for jarring edits, poetic logic, intense sex scenes, and occasionally shocking bursts of violence, at least three of his films are masterpieces and must-sees.

Roeg's career as director began with a collaboration with the under-appreciated Donald Cammell. *Performance* (1970) presents a psychedelic exploration into the mind of a sadistic gangster (James Fox), as undertaken by a burnt-out, decadent rockstar (Mick Jagger). There are references to Borges,

Burroughs, Hassan-i-Sabbah, and juggling; there's ample sex and violence and several varieties of magic mushroom on display (though I would caution against the use of *amanita muscaria*). While it may not interest those lacking nostalgia for the excesses of the 1960s, the film is a dizzying and memorable ride. Rumour has it that James Fox felt so psychologically damaged that he retired from acting for some years after the shoot.

*Performance* was never available in a decent video version in North America, so the current DVD release is a vast improvement, even if it somewhat scandalously is missing a line. During the "Memo from Turner" sequence, Mick Jagger is seen entering a closet with a naked man and raising a glass; in all past versions you clearly hear him say, "Here's to Old England!" For reasons as yet undetermined, the line is cut though the scene remains intact—you see Jagger's lips move, and that's it.

By the way, not that I would ever advocate drug use, but this film amply rewards you if you clean your doors of perception first. In fact, just take them off their hinges and leave them somewhere safe until it's over.

Roeg's two other must-watch experiences are *Don't Look Now* (1973) and *Bad Timing* (1980). The former is presently being remade, but Roeg's version is so dense, suspenseful, psychologically real, and shocking that the new version will no doubt be an embarrassment. Described as "a psychic thriller", the story follows a couple (Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie) who relocate to Venice, in part for work, and in part to help them forget about the recent death of their young daughter. Approached by an apparently benevolent blind psychic and her sister, they are advised that their daughter is trying to communicate with them. The couple's varying reactions say volumes about men and women, the different ways people deal with death, and about our fascination with the unknown. I particularly love the scene where Sutherland, as our skeptical on-screen representative,

IS CINEMA FOOD FOR YOUR SOUL, AND IS YOUR SOUL HUNGRY? CINEMA ASPIRANT OFFERS GLIMPSES OF GEMS TO BE RESCUED FROM THE WRECKAGE OF YOUR LOCAL VIDEO STORE.



peeps guiltily through a keyhole at a séance. Invoking the voyeurism of the audience, it lends a self-reflexive element to the film, raising the question of what the ending really means. I would highly recommend that you read *Nothing More* on the film if you're interested, lest anyone spoil it for you.

Then we have *Bad Timing*, sometimes given the subtitle "A Sensual Obsession", and sometimes the more prosaic "A Horrifying Love Story". Art Garfunkel—yes, that Garfunkel—plays a voyeuristic professor of psychology in Austria. Theresa Russell is the free-spirited woman he gets involved with. Harvey Keitel is the investigator—another voyeur—who tries to piece together how Russell's character really came to die, and whether the evasive Garfunkel was complicit. The film deftly interweaves at least two sequences of events: the narrative of the investigation and the development of the relationship that culminates in the night in question. Alex Mackenzie, of the much-missed Blinding Light Cinema, reports that a film student he knew once re-cut the whole thing and placed it in linear order, to see what it would look like. "It was as much a prank as an experiment, and quietly acknowledged in the department as a kind of noble and nerdy attempt at an inquiry into the central role of editing in the film, using a film which in its time was recognized as a genuine triumph in cutting style." Men given to controlling behaviour will loathe recognizing themselves in Garfunkel's character, and women who feel themselves outsiders will be amply sympathetic to Russell's. The Criterion DVD is stunning.

*Walkabout* (1971) certainly succeeds on its own terms, but I'm less fond of it. The story is about two lost white youths found and accompanied through the outback by an Australian aborigine. Thematically, the film deals with civilization, sexuality, and the noble savage. *Eureka* (1984) is full of energy and chutzpah, and you'll be shocked at how many faces you recognize (Gene Hackman, Mickey Rourke, Rutger Hauer, Joe Pesci, and again, Theresa Russell, who married Roeg after *Bad Timing*), but even its defenders regard the film as flawed. *The Man Who Fell to Earth* (1976) is perhaps Roeg's most famous work, since it stars David Bowie, but I confess when last I visited it, the film seemed a vast and scattered mess. An extraterrestrial Icarus story with some fascinating ideas, it bites off more than it can chew, and then spits it out every which way.

Roeg's most recent work can be divided into two categories: lesser films that are, at least, still recognizably his: *The Witches*, *Insignificance*, *Track 29*, and *Cold Heaven*. And then, as Roeg aged and began taking TV work, we have his lacklustre and generic *Heart of Darkness* adaptation, and stuff with titles like *Full Body Massage* (yeech). Fans continue to wait for a return to form; some say *Two Deaths* (1995) is it, but I haven't bothered. IMDB buzz is strong for *Adina*, currently in pre-production, but Roeg is nearing 80. I'd be surprised, though delighted, to see him produce another major work.

## SPECTRES OF DISCORD by David Ravensbergen

### Theory & Practice

This month I decided to approach the issue of International Women's Day from an archival rather than an editorial perspective. I don't have the necessary hold on contemporary gender politics to do a women's issue, and I don't particularly relish the thought of singling out female artists simply because they're women. Moreover, running a women's issue would serve to highlight the lack of black content last month, throwing our entire editorial policy into question. Turning to the archives, I'm curious to see how *Discorder* has weighed in on the debate in years past.

At first glance, the March 1997 issue has little to offer in the way of clarification. The cover image features a drawing of a woman who looks remarkably like Marilyn Manson, with the words "Women have addictive needs / Unique, powerful, destructive / Angry and natural / Will you control or respect us, pork chop?" emblazoned across her chest. Unsure if I should identify as pork chop, I read on. Two pages in, Kitty Poulin's essay "Where is Not What You Wear" tries its best to be a manifesto but ends up closer to academic spam. Theoretical doublespeak is woven around a feminist "axis of concern," which is then retracted nearly 1000 words into the article. "I am, however, postponing the bulk of my analysis of this very complex matter for next month," Poulin remarks, before continuing on in her bulky analysis. Nearly halfway through, she gets down to the business of defining her terms. "Very generally, Feminism is based on the consideration and extenuation of excluded topics; as well as working towards redeveloped conditions of social/cultural/economic existence that may somehow, more responsibly, represent a varied constituency." Suddenly reconsidering my plans to go to grad school, I reach for the March 1999 issue.

In the Grumpy Old Dog column, Blaine K explains that the role of women in the music industry has changed drastically over the last 50 years. The writer locates the change with Madonna, who progressed from a label-created sex kitten to a self-determined artist. "No one makes decisions on her behalf. If Madonna wants to be thought of as a sex symbol, it will be on her own terms," Blaine explains. The next example hasn't quite stood up to the test of time. Courtney Love is cited as another female triumph, who has morphed from a "foul-mouthed druggie" into a "glamorous, custom built movie star." I've seen some photos that suggest her transformation wasn't quite complete. Blaine's point, though, is that "the best indication that women have found a definite, incontestable place in the music industry is that there are good women artists and bad ones, those who



Veda Hille from March 1997

are in control and those who are controlled, those who are in for the music and those who are out for a buck." While Britney Spears' recent behaviour doesn't exactly illustrate the strong female presence in contemporary music, there is no shortage of artists and writers who do, and they appear on the pages of *Discorder* every month. **d**



# TEXTUALLY ACTIVE

## Adverbs

by Daniel Handler  
Harper Collins, 2006

What is dancing? At its most basic, it is swaying back and forth, either alone or with a partner. While reading is a solitary activity, it is essentially the delicate following of another's footsteps, and so reading, like dancing, is both the private party and the tango. Daniel Handler's *Adverbs* is a tango where toes are stepped on and faces smash into one another. This is not to say that the story is graceless—Handler lays a delicate path, curlicuing through seventeen chapters of adverbs, exploring possible ways to love. What makes this dancing, this reading, tricky and awkward are the names—they recur. Billed as a novel but appearing to be a collection of short stories, *Adverbs* is composed of a cast of characters that stretch from New York to San Francisco, all of them in the midst of considering imminent disaster, from failing relationships to volcanic activity. These many characters masquerade as one another either because they are the same person in a different adverb, or merely the same name in an adverb all their own. Sometimes the reader is obviously taking the hand of the same Helena, gracefully dipping her through chapters marking different manners of love. Other times, a common name could be just that, and the connections between one Joe and another are but the consequence of a desperate human need to connect dots, or to dance despite an abundance of left feet.

The point, it would seem, is that small things, details, knit together a disparate dance of us. Beginning with an adverb that tells a seemingly inconsequential story, Handler quickly draws his dance partner into close reading, giving *Adverbs* a life of continuity by virtue of detail. Because the characters do not engage in a cohesive plot through the myriad adverbs, it is the white noise that tells the larger story. Each adverb could stand alone and complete, but they are not standing or alone; these adverbs shimmy, the mess of them, together. Random details bear responsibility for the magic that makes this novel work. These details encourage the reader's dancing feet to fall surprisingly into pattern, and this nonlinear, tumbling narrative is, after all, about just such a miracle. What are the chances? Well, they are very small, and yet these small things, the ways things get done, are where Handler draws our attention.

Through the dizzy twirling of the larger story, with its tangled mess of names and limbs, the reader is offered a key. Handler accepts responsibility for the storyteller's voice, but this story is not an entirely fictional one. Citing authors and novels and encyclopedias, reference is made to our actual world. Yet, it is unclear whether Daniel Handler of "Truly" is Handler or merely a character with the same name as the author. Daniel Handler speaks directly to the reader, revealing his identity as the nameless voice that sometimes interjects in the lives of other adverbs. Yet, when he then tells a fantastical story about diamonds, this claim to reality is revealed as dubious. Imagination and the verifiable world

shuffle when the reader realizes that, yes, they are being spoken to, but whom is speaking? Handler takes the lead, spinning his reader across a postmodern dance floor of existence. It is this movement, this allowance for a character, that allows *Adverbs* to be so literally engaging.

c. turions

## Inkstud

Mary Fleener, Phoebe Gloeckner and Pia Guerra

In recognition of International Women's Day, the Ink-studs focus on some of the great female cartoonists this month. While largely a boy's club, the comics field boasts some fantastic ladies who make some superb books. Mary Fleener elates readers with her unique mix of cubism, thick black inks, and drug-fueled madness. Phoebe Gloeckner's brutal honesty makes for an uncomfortable read that both shocks and delights. As a counterpoint to these two pillars of alt-comics greatness, Pia Guerra has found acclaim in her own ventures in the more mainstream comics world.

Mary Fleener's main collection, the Fantagraphics release *Life's a Party*, collects some of the finer autobiographical work from her earlier *Slutburger* series, published by Drawn and Quarterly. Fleener's style is reminiscent of *Real Stuff's* Dennis Eichhorn, but her work clearly showcases her own unique talents. One of my favourite things about reading Fleener's comics is that no matter how crazy and debauchorous things get, she is able to have a good time through it all, and makes sure the reader enjoys the journey as well.

On a slightly darker side, Phoebe Gloeckner's books provide a realistic look at the seedy underbelly of society. I first got to know her art through the fantastic anatomy drawings she did for a couple of *Re/Search* books, including a cover for J. G. Ballard's *The Atrocity Exhibition*. The main thing that attracts me to her work is her ability to tell a gruesome story. Gloeckner's topics run a gauntlet from heart-wrenching stories of incest and abuse to the results of a lifetime of drug addiction and prostitution, showcasing her ability to really get into the minds of the characters. Many readers will find Gloeckner's stories too disturbing, but I think that's why her work is so important. She really breaks down reader expectations towards "funny books". In contrast to her dark creative output, Phoebe has a more lighthearted online presence. Going through her blog, you get to see Phoebe the Professor, bringing such creative notables as Harvey Pekar and Alison Bechdel into her class to pass on their creative expertise.

For a lighter journey into the comics world, I thought I should mention Pia Guerra, one of Vancouver's most renowned cartoonists. Working

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# copyfight!

## A new breed of jerk threatens creativity

by Greg McMullen

How many times have you seen a really innovative new product or idea and mused to yourself, "Damn, why didn't I think of that first?" For most people it ends there, but a new breed of jerk is using intellectual property law to re-write history and claim the ideas of others as their own. Meet the patent troll. This nefarious creature works side by side with the sample troll, employing underhanded tricks and vexatious legal action to take cash from deserving creators and deposit it in their own slimy pockets.

Patent trolls are the more visible of the two villains, thanks to the drastic impact they can have on financial markets. There are two variations on the patent troll scam. The first is sleaziest:

1. Look for a successful product.
2. Find some element of that product that isn't patented, then apply for a patent on it.
3. Apply for an injunction and sue.



This kind of patent troll doesn't hope for a courtroom victory, because if the case ever goes to trial it'll be laughed out of court. Trolls rely on fear and confusion to force the victim to pay a settlement. Shareholders don't like uncertainty, and ying with someone else who claims to own a key part of their product is not a risk they like to take. Preferring to avoid a legal confrontation, unsuspecting companies succumb to the threats of the patent troll, paying out for rights to a patent they shouldn't have to worry about.

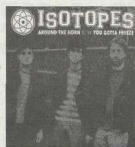
Remember how corporate execs were terrified that Blackberry email access, their *drug of choice*, was going to be shut off after some kind of legal dispute? Research in Motion, the Canadian company that created the Blackberry, was accused of patent infringement by a smaller company that had earlier patented an essential part of the email delivery system RIM used. They weren't developing their own Blackberry-like device, but saw a chance to profit from RIM's success. The Blackberry case is a classic example of the second kind of patent troll. This breed goes out and patents a heap of unpatented ideas, with no intention of actually developing a product. The troll waits for a company like RIM to stumble onto their patent turf with an exciting and profitable new product, making them a ripe target for a settlement.

While big corporations are occasionally the victims of this kind of patent extortion, they often engage in trolling themselves. Bioprospecting is a variation on the first kind of patent troll, and it's a regular practice of biotech corporations the world over. Biotech patent trolls look to indigenous medicine, finding

## RIFF RAFF Bryce Dunn

I'm back! Did ya miss me? Of course you did. Why, without my monthly musings on music that matters you'd be stuck pondering the strange wonders of the universe, or at the very least why Britney shaved off all her hair. But first ask yourself this: why did **The Badamps** have to go and break up on us? Even though they sneakily resurrected themselves for a final **FUN 100** four-band blowout, they cheated us out of getting to hear more of their perfectly crafted pop-punk finery. Good thing they snuck me a copy of their posthumous **Two Face** EP before finally calling it, in the words of **The Queers**, a day late and a dollar short. Speaking of those New Hampshire heavyweights, **The Badamps** lived, breathed and shat **The Queers** in order to perfect their own sound. Who says you can't rock it like it's 1996? Meaty hooks, dirty looks and all the more reason why songs like "Highschool Sweetheart" and "Milkshake Murder" should be anthems for teen angst, instead of whatever flavour of the month screamo is in vogue these days. (It's *Alive/Black Market Records*, www.blackmarketrecords.org).

Since said break-up, former members have gone on to forge other musical friendships with their peers, including newest (and possibly first?) baseball punks **The Isotopes**, who recently recruited free agent Kyl Sharpe to their roster. A two-song seven-inch is the start of the campaign to get **The Isotopes** on the proverbial scoreboard, and from the sounds of "Around the Horn" and "You Gotta Freeze", it's a solid home run for these



the chemicals that give medicinal herbs their unique properties, then patent those chemicals for industrial production. In some cases, the indigenous groups have been told they are not allowed to sell traditional medicines, since they infringe on patents.

*Disorder* readers will likely be more interested in the actions of the fiendish sample troll. These enemies of creativity buy up huge libraries of songs by other artists, then wait for remixers, mash-up makers, and hip-hop producers to borrow a bar or two. When Jay-Z asks us to justify his thug, a sample troll is there, flanked by two lawyers in bulletproof vests, waiting to collect his dues. The worst offender is Armen Boladian, whose company Bridgeport is currently demanding cash from Jay-Z. Bridgeport is also known for something even more evil—stealing the rights to most of funkadelic George Clinton's recordings by forging his signature on a contract. This is a double insult: not only are creators punished for using even a tiny portion of Clinton's work, but Clinton himself receives nothing.

The second type of sample troll is both better and worse than the first kind. This sample troll does create, often making some of the biggest hits in pop music. However, unlike Bridgeport, trolls of this variety don't even pretend to play by the rules. They take what they want, incorporating it into their own music without so much as a tip of the hat to the original creators. This kind of scandal hits even the biggest names in music—Timbaland, hip-



bad news bears. Coached by **The Ramones**, **The Riverdales** and other teams with memorable names, **The Topes** are taking the big league by storm, so batter up and keep on swinging boys! (*Isotopes Punk Rock Baseball Club P.O. Box #78046 Vancouver, BC Canada V5N 5W1*).

Up next to the plate is a new one from two-gal/two-guy punk rock combo **The Bayonettes**, who dutiful readers will recognize from *Disorder* back issues. Their latest prophetically-titled EP claims *We're Doomed*, but not before we go our asses off to the punchy pop of "Take this Pill" and current fave track "Let it Go". There's a lot of good bands coming out of Toronto these days, and **The Bayonettes** are right up there with the best of them—let's hope there's a full length in the works. (*Deranged Records*, www.derangedrecords.com).

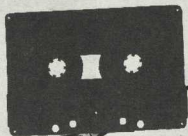
Lastly, and speaking of T-dot, Torontonians **Fucked Up** were recently in town to give the West Coast a slap upside the head with three shows of manic rock 'n' roll. In the midst of the mayhem, lead vocalist Pink Eye slipped a copy of his side project into the hands of yours truly. On **The Bergenfield Four's** four tracks, there's a distinctively lo-fi **Black Flag** feel that runs through cuts like "To the Judge" and "Dear Slumlord". "My Sweetheart" is the one that slows things down a bit, almost reminiscent of **Killdozer's** plodding pace. If I remember correctly, the copy I had was only a rush-job, and there'll be a proper release sometime in the future. If they keep the rip-off **Crass** cover art intact, the record should get some nods from the punk rock elite. I can't help thinking that the guy pictured on the cover looks like my friend Al from Kingston who died a few years back—coincidence? I dunno. (*Lowdown Records*, 7 Walmer Road, Apt.1810 Toronto, ON Canada M5R 2W8).

hop producer extraordinaire, has been accused of stealing entire songs from a Norwegian musician, with damning evidence being posted to YouTube and other sites online.

The world we live in today is different than the world patent and copyright laws were meant for. Originally designed to give creators a chance to profit from their creations before the vultures descended, the vultures have since turned the tables. By abusing the complex formalities of the law, the trolls have created a sad state of affairs in which you're better off hiring a lawyer than a musician if you're hoping to produce the next number one hit single.

We copyfighters tend to complain about big corporations, and with good reason. They're up to some nasty things in the copyright and patent fields, from applying DRM restrictions on what we can do with our music to suing their customers. However, they can also be the victims of intellectual property bullying, and it can cost them billions. What we should really be pushing for is an intellectual property regime that does what it's meant to—encourage creativity, protect artists and inventors, and let the people who make something existing profit from that creation. Everyone could benefit from a system of intellectual property laws that operate with the protection of the creator in mind. Little guys and megacops can work together to push for reforms so that the weasels like Bridgeport are run out of business.





MIXTAPE

# The Dangerous Summer

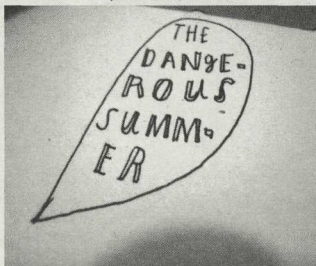
Dear *Discorder* readers,

The following is an introduction by way of a mixtape. Most of you out there have never seen our band, being that we have played only a handful of shows in this incarnation. A few of you may remember our previous band the Regional Hats, and quite a few more may know of the other projects of which our members are a part (the Parallels, Ghost House, Moses Inglis, The Tranzmitors). Over the last many months we have been up in our studio fitfully putting to disc the tunes for our new album. We feel that this mix can be looked at as a selection of the music which has been on the minds of the five of us while working on this project. Some of the songs are by artists to which we all are inclined. Others represent the whims of the individual members, their tastes and concept of the band. More specifically, some of the songs have been chosen for the feeling which they convey, others the story that they tell, more still for the sounds on the recordings. We hope however that the mix is able to at once convey some idea of our intentions and be enjoyed on its own as a mix. The mix can be found at [upstartthifi.com/mixtape](http://upstartthifi.com/mixtape).

As the process of recording moves along we will be posting some of the work in progress at [myspace.com/thedangerous-summer](http://myspace.com/thedangerous-summer).

Yours Truly,

Jesse, Katie, Mick, Mike, Tyler  
*The Dangerous Summer*



Sitting Still - R.E.M.  
All That Matters - Pointed Sticks  
Sorry Somehow - Husker Du  
Ivory City - Julian Who  
Pachina - Listening Party  
I Remember When I Loved Her - The Zombies  
Music Is My Boyfriend - The Hidden Cameras  
Get into the Groove(y) - Ciccone Youth  
Necromancing - Gnarl Barkley  
That's Pep - Tortoise & Bonnie Prince Billy  
This Ain't No Picnic - The Minutemen  
Jawbone - The Band  
John Henry - Woody Guthrie  
I Can't Love You Enough - Loretta Lynn and Conway Twitty  
I Don't Want to Spoil the Party - The Beatles  
Apology Song - The Decemberists  
What a Day That Was - Talking Heads  
Kid Heaven - Johnny and the Moon  
California - Joni Mitchell  
Random Rules - Silver Jews  
Oh Carol - Rockin' Horse  
Kiss Me On the Bus - The Replacements  
In a Lonely Place - the Weather  
Some Velvet Morning - Nancy Sinatra and Lee Hazelwood  
All the Tears That I Cried - Kirsty Macoll & The Pogues  
Andalucia - Crooked Fingers  
April Skies - The Jesus & Mary Chain **d**

PHOTOS BY ALANNA SCOTT AND TYLER MOUNTENEY

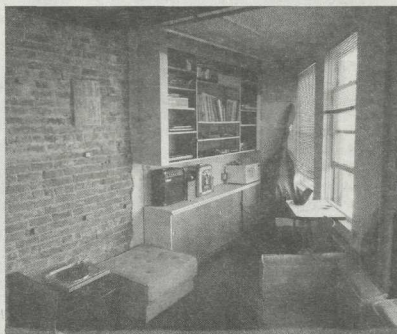
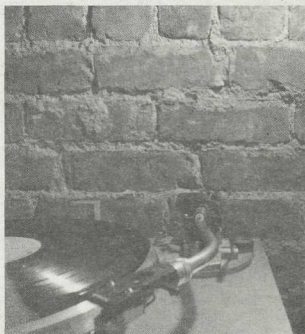






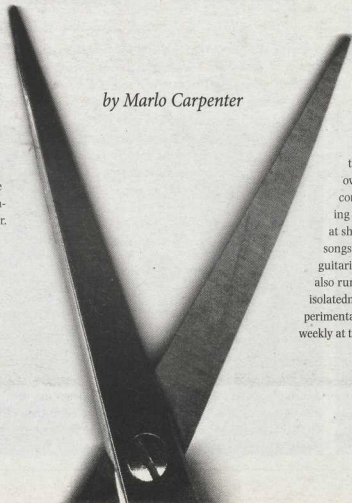
PHOTO BY SHARLA MANN

# SHEARING PINX

IT'S ALWAYS AWESOME WHEN you discover a local band with a sound you've been craving for a long time. It's like, thank god somebody is doing this. Shearing Pinx play noise-rock, and they put a spring in my step after seeing them the first time with the Mutators at the Cobalt. You've got Erin and Nic on guitars and Nic singing, and then Jeremy drumming. Heavy reverb on the vocals. Improv-y jammy bits amid Arab on Radar/Erase Errata/early Sonic Youth-esque no-wave punk. And they are *tight*. Even in the most seemingly chaotic parts, they're all making eye contact with one another.

by Marlo Carpenter

If you haven't seen Shearing Pinx play yet, they're affording you the opportunity several times over in the next little while. Their MySpace ([myspace.com/shearingpinx](http://myspace.com/shearingpinx)) is a bustling cavalcade of upcoming shows, recordings, and projects. Their merch table at shows is jam-packed. There's always a plethora of new songs. They're all in a handful of other bands. Vocalist and guitarist Nic (who you may recognize from Channels 3 & 4) also runs the record label *Isolatednowwaves* ([myspace.com/isolatednowwaves](http://myspace.com/isolatednowwaves)). They're also active participants in the experimental noise night, Fake Jazz Wednesdays, which happens weekly at the Cobalt.





### How many recordings do you have?

Nic & Erin: 35.

N: A bunch.

E: It's like one and a half recordings a month.

### Wow.

Jeremy: One full-length, and then the rest are all splits and stuff.

### And where do you record?

N: In jam spaces.

J: We've recorded at the Hive before, and we're going into Lab Monkey at the end of next week.

### That's a lot of recordings. You've toured, too, right? You're just, like, a super-busy band.

J: We haven't toured super much. Just one real tour down the coast and back. A few jaunts over the weekend. But not as much as I think we'd like to.

N: We've never been gone for more than eleven days.

### But you're gonna be, right? Coming up?

J: Yeah, this summer.

N: It's not all booked yet, but we wanna do six weeks in the US of A.

J: The first week of May, we're gonna be doing 5 or so dates with Varge. They're kind of a rad band.

### Where would you really like to play?

N: The East Coast. Anywhere east of California.

E: London. Tokyo.

N: Germany. For sure. Lots of kids in Germany get in touch with us.

### Do lots of kids from other countries find you guys on MySpace, too?

J: Yeah, MySpace has been amazing. Lots of people from Germany, the UK. It's been really good for kind of bringing people out of the woodwork. I think. People in their bedrooms kind of fiddling around.

E: Especially in the genre of music that we play in, it's quite difficult to find local people who are interested.

J: Yeah, but there's definitely a pretty good tight thing going on in Vancouver. There's a really healthy scene going on. Fake Jazz Wednesdays has definitely brought that.

### So what happens at Fake Jazz Wednesdays?

J: It's all over the place. Generally, it's anything kind of free open music. So, there's been performance art stuff with costumes, there's been, of course, tons of noise bands, electronic stuff, lots of free jazz lately. Even some weirdo jammy Mars Volta shit sometimes.

### I heard In Flux played.

N: First show in over a year.

### So, you guys are all in In Flux, and then you formed...

E: No, except Jeremy.

J: They're just In Flux. Just those two. But there are a million side projects. We made a list a few weeks ago, and I think there was 9 or 10 different projects stemming from us.

### Such as...

J: In Flux. Teen Community. Totally Ripped! Mongst. Aerosconstellations.

N: Both the Channels bands.

J: Black Dicks.

### Are they all different kinds of music?

E: You could probably pull out the same influences for all of them, but...

J: Some of them are a lot mellowier.

### What made you guys decide that you wanted to do a noisy project together?

N: It actually started more like that, and then we started doing...like, our first few releases were just all jams.

E: Jeremy was, I think, holding us down from being a lot more noisy. Not back, but stopping us from turning into a noise thing. So now it's turned into something a little bit more approachable at times.

J: We already had noise bands, and I wanted to learn how to play drums. I couldn't really play when we first started.

E: None of us could really play.

### What can you tell me about Isolated Now Waves?

J: It's pretty awesome, and it's been around—how long has it been around? Seven years?

N: 2001, I started mostly CDRs at first. The first 50, 60 releases were mostly just my old stuff that had been just on tape that I wanted to put on CDR to finalize documentation of old bands that I had before I moved here. Mostly really limited, like 2 to 10 copies of some things. And then a few years went by, so I did more, like 20 copies, or 40 or 50. Mostly just a way to release my own projects, and then branching out, getting other bands involved, which is good. Eventually, that's what I'd like to do—put out records for my friends. We have a compilation which has been in the works for about a year, an LP with 12 bands on it. Shearing Pinx are on it. A couple other Vancouver bands, but it's mostly other out-of-the-country bands, like in the US.

### Like...

N: Fxxxing Lion. Night Wounds. Metalux. Paradise Island. Vholtz. PRE. Hustler White...

### And do you do all the art and stuff yourself?

N: Yep. There's a craft table at home.

J: That's what we were doing before we got here. All spray-painting.

### How was touring, the eleven days that you guys went?

N: Really good. We didn't want it to end. The only thing that sucked was the heat. Like, record fucking temperatures. It was 47 degrees in Sacramento. You had to run from the car into the nearest shady air-conditioned house.

J: Yeah, I thought I was gonna die. We played a basement show one of those nights, and halfway through the set I started getting cold shivers.

E: That was the basement show where Sacramento had a brownout, and so there was no power, and the power was being run in from a van parked in the alleyway beside the basement, and then you've got a basement full of 30 kids, and one tiny little fan that we're trying to point at Jeremy.

J: That was a beautiful display of perseverance, because the

power went out, and the whole group of people that were there just refused to let it not happen, you know? Everyone was talking about going to parkades. I've seen some shows just get hitched on something, and people just ditch it and go. 'Ah, fuck it. Let's go get high.' People really made it happen.

### Have you guys played at the Emily Carr parking lot?

J: Not as Shearing Pinx, no. Nic and I—

N: We played as Black Dicks.

J: And that was really awesome. Really awesome space.

### Yeah. I hope that there's lots more shows there. It's good. It's always kind of like, guerrilla. You don't know if it's gonna happen.

J: Yeah. And it attracts an interesting crowd, too, like people you don't normally see out. Certain events have been good for that. The Fake Jazz thing has been really good for that. Especially a lot of older people, who were maybe doing stuff like this 10 years ago, and just thought it was dead, come out and been really inspired to start doing stuff again.

### And the Cobalt's always good.

N: We really like Portland, too. It's one of our favourite places.

### How many times have you guys played there?

J: Three.

E: I think we were gonna try for 4, and then it never happens. N: I mean, even In Flux played there before Shearing Pinx, and that was awesome, and we met a lot of our good friends. Even when Channels played there, it was awesome. I love that town.

E: Yeah, I think Portland is responsible for Shearing Pinx.

### How so?

E: We jammed with Hustler White after playing down there with In Flux, and Nic and I both fell in love with playing guitar, and—

N: Yeah, we just wanted to play guitar in bands, and we were just like, that's it, we're just going out and we're fucking starting a band. And then I introduced these guys and formed the band.

J: Yeah, Nic and I had known each other kinda for a while, yakking about music.

N: Jeremy was in the background in one of my movies. This movie that we shot in this coffee shop that he was working at. You could see him in the back with his big long dreads [all laugh].

### Man, you guys have so much energy.

J: When you think about it, there's lots going on in town right now. It's pretty good.

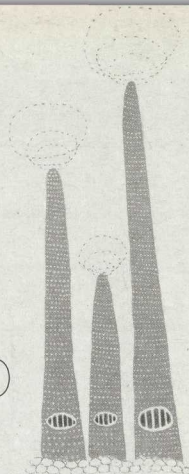
E: It's awesome that there's so much enthusiasm. Everyone's really supportive, for the most part.

J: Yeah, and even that people just are coming out to events like this, you know? Some nights at the Emergency Room there'll be, you know, 50, 60, 70 people. Even at Fake Jazz, there will be from 50 to 100 people on random nights. And I remember doing shows with different bands with Nic 4 or 5 years ago, and shit, you'd get 20 people if you were lucky. I guess we can thank a lot of bands that kind of have been going big, like Lightning Bolt, Black Dice, Hella, Animal Collective. They've brought a lot of different people to this stuff. **D**



# VANCOUVER ON BLAST

1. A BRIEF HISTORY OF PAUL DEVRO
2. RUINED BY JUSTICE



*by Quinn Omori*

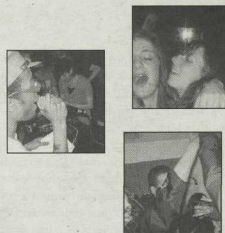
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDREW TAGGART

ENTROPICGARDENS.BLOGSPOT.COM

PHOTOS COURTESY OF SALON DES BOURGEOISIE



Me and my brother [Erik] went to Vancouver—we bought some Wu-Tang and some Black Moon records and we went back and grabbed a record player from my grandfather's shed, took it home and just started scratching from there.

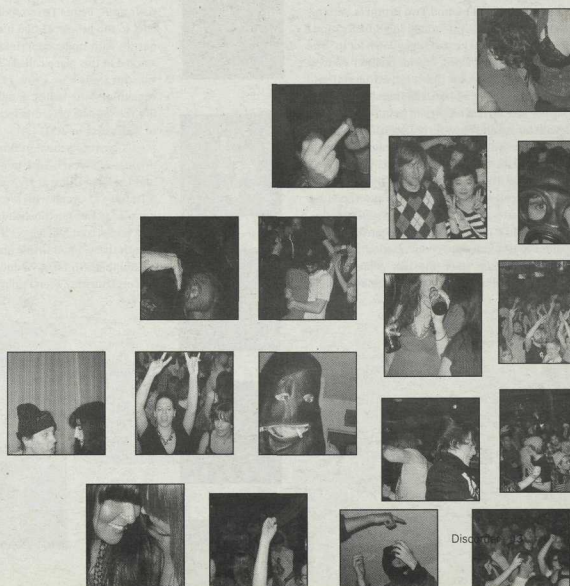
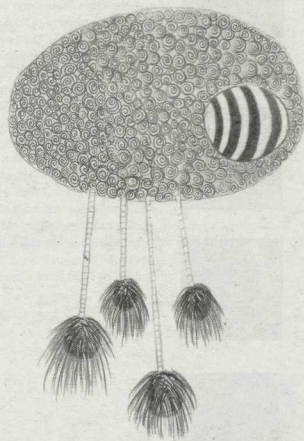


WHEN YOU MEET PAUL DEVRO for the first time, he doesn't come across the way you'd expect. For a guy who makes his living throwing booze-drenched parties and spinning the underground's latest anti-hits, he's extremely soft spoken. He's self-effacing in a way that betrays his attention-grabbing skills as a DJ and producer. As he excitedly speaks

about upcoming and ongoing projects—between bites of Boni's \$2.99 breakfast special—he's quick to praise his peers while downplaying his own contributions. It's also abundantly clear by the way he talks about music that he's found his calling—a fact that's affirmed when my interview tape has long since stopped and Paul recalls being nine or ten and constructing

turntables and a mixer out of a bunch of cereal boxes. He employs the genuine tools now, and they've taken him farther than a kid "scratching" records on a cut-out Cheerios package could possibly have imagined.

Devro's current itinerary includes orchestrating a podcast of "cumbia, baile funk, and meringue" for XLR8R magazine.





managing an April tour for Fox 'N' Wolf that sees he and fellow Vancouverite Tyler Fedchuk opening up and down both North American coasts for the Swedish pop duo, and a host of other high profile gigs. "I'm playing Fabric in May with Blaqstarr, Switch, Sinden, Diplo and DJ Mehdi. That'll be crazy," he says of the world famous London night spot that will see him sharing a stage with some turntable royalty. In between, he might find time to work on some new production projects or a mix to follow up his successful *Toma* series.

The latest mix in the set, *Toma 3*, collects 35-minutes of Brazilian baile funk, and has garnered comparisons to Diplo's genre-breaking *Favela on Blast*. The disc also gave Devro an opportunity to give something back to the community that he borrowed the music from. "There were a couple baile funk CDs out. And people were getting flack, like 'you're not giving to the people.' People weren't even putting proper track names on the CDs (in a rather dubious effort to keep the musicians ungoogleable)," he notes. In addition to taking the obvious step of listing *Toma 3*'s featured artists properly, the record's release party doubled as a fundraiser for the Two Brothers Foundation.

"I was just looking for fundraisers in that community and I found Two Brothers and this guy Paul Sneed (the foundation's director) and I emailed him and he was super down for it." The money raised helped the foundation convert a house in Rocinha (Rio's largest favela) into a school house, and an additional dollar from every sale of *Toma 3* goes to help Two Brothers with future and ongoing projects. If things keep going according to plan, Devro might be able to see the fruits of his philanthropy for himself. "I should go. Hopefully I can go with Wes [Pentz, a.k.a. Diplo] sometime," he responds when I ask if he's had a chance to travel to Brazil.

Diplo's name pops up repeatedly in our hour-and-a-half long conversation, which is not surprising, since the two genre brewers share a similar production style. Additionally,

the man best known for his work with M.I.A. is set to put out some of Devro's recordings. "I'm doing this New Order remix. I play didgeridoo and accordion and these other things on it, and I got Wes—he's in Australia right now—he got some aboriginal kids to record the vocals," he says with excitement. I follow up by asking if the track will be out on Diplo's Mad Decent imprint, and get an overly modest response that might reflect Paul's small town upbringing. "I think he's going to put it out if it's good," he quips with a shrug and a smile. "If it sucks..."

Port Alberni, British Columbia isn't exactly a hotbed of progressive sounds, but it's where Paul (then still known as Paul Pierre Devereux) got his start. "Me and my brother [Erik] went to Vancouver—we bought some Wu-Tang and some Black Moon records and we went back and grabbed a record player from my grandfather's shed, took it home and just started scratching from there," he says of his musical roots. The pair slowly acquired more equipment while honing their craft, before Devro took his talents to the people. "I had a couple of parties with underage drinking and I worked at this place called Cloud 9. It was this seedy bar...I was 17 or 18 or something," he states, fondly recalling the gigs he played before moving to Vancouver in 2001.

"I went to school in Burnaby for a couple of years, so I moved there and I started DJing at DV8 and I had a Tuesday at Crush with Jason (better known as my/gay/husband!) which was really cool," he says. "For like a month there, I had Grime on Tuesday [at Shine], 686 on a Wednesday, the Met on Thursday, then Friday at Shine

for Get Up, Get Down, and Saturday I was at the Columbia." The Kids at the Columbia (which was originally held at the Met), was the first party in Vancouver, that turned a former dive into one of the city's hippest weeklies. And it's a trend that Devro continues every Saturday night, as he co-presents Salon des Bourgeoisie at the Royal Unicorn Cabaret.

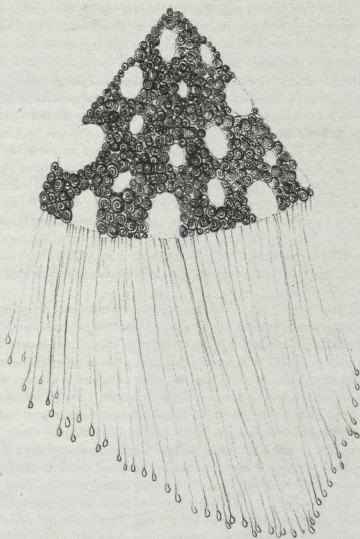
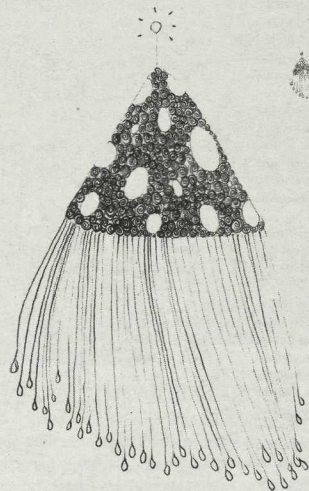
Ten years ago, if you told a local that the top floor of the Woodward's building—located in Canada's poorest postal code—would be selling as a million dollar penthouse suite, you would've been laughed at. The response might've been similar if you'd looked into your magic 8-ball and told them the city's trendsetters would be lining up on a Saturday night to get into a cramped Chinatown bar, but that's been the scene since "Salbourg" settled into its latest digs a couple of months ago. Paul spins regularly along with his brother Erik and a rotating collection of the city's finest, and the night has also managed to host a multitude of just-below-the-radar talent that might otherwise skip Vancouver for larger and more standard metropolitan locales. Over the last half a year, Steve Aoki blew through town for a set, Uffie dropped some verses with Pez, and DJ Funk performed what Devro described as "the best DJ show I've ever seen." And in a coup d'état for both Devro and the city's club scene in general, Salon des Bourgeoisie is hosting a French invasion on March 25th at the Caprice. The party sees Pedro Winter bring his Ed Banger Records roster through on a North American tour that boasts a scant six dates and a headlining set by Justice.

Paul speaks with his usual excitement about the forthcoming visit by these electro-juggernauts, and when I catch up with the French fête-makers later in the week, it's clear that Devro's enthusiasm spans the Atlantic.

*Salon des Bourgeoisie takes place every Saturday at the Royal Unicorn Cabaret (147 E. Pender) and Toma 3 is available in stores and on turntablelab.com.*



# WE WANT JUSTICE



IT'S DIFFERENT FROM EUROPE, AND especially from Paris, because people in Paris are acting like they know everything," Xavier de Rosnay says of the few shows that he and Gaspard Auge have played in North America. "We just had people in front of us who just came to party, and this is the best crowd you can get, you know?"

Apparently nobody told him that getting people to move in Vancouver is about as easy as getting the rain to stop falling. Although, if there's anyone who can remedy the city's collective affliction of unnecessary immobility, it's de Rosnay and Auge. They bring their dance tour de force, Justice, to the usually uptight confines of the Caprice nightclub on March 25th.

The pair hooked up in 2003, when de Rosnay was welcomed into Auge's social circle through a former girlfriend. "It

was a bunch of friends. When I met them they were all into music and things, and they had this small label, and at this moment they were putting out a compilation. And so they asked everyone around them to make some tracks," he explains. The DIY spirit of the compilation led to Justice pairing up to make music for the first time, although according to de Rosnay, the results were anything but spectacular. "We did it together and it was really crap," he says with a laugh, before noting with some relief that the track in question is probably lost to most people's ears. "I think they sold





like 70 copies of that compilation. It's really hard to get." Undaunted, the guys were soon back at work, crafting a new collaboration that would lead to their big break.

"We did 'We Are Your Friends' like two weeks after that compilation," de Rosnay explains. Stripping away everything but the chorus of Simian's "Never Be Alone", Justice's home-produced treatment turned the electro-folk track from a low key toe-tapper to a synth-laden club anthem. A short time later, the tune was on heavy rotation at the world's hippest dance spots, eventually falling into the hands of the founder of France's premier independent electronic music label. "We met Pedro Winter, the boss of Ed Banger Records. I think one month after doing 'We Are Your Friends.' And so we released our first record three months after starting music, which was kind of a good surprise," he understates. That "good surprise" led to a deal with Ed Banger, as well as a torrent of remix requests.

"I think the electronic music world is really a special world. Because when you get lucky, you are requested to DJ and make remixes quite fast," de Rosnay muses, speaking to Justice's quick ascension from obscurity to in-demand producers. In the last four years, their profile has grown steadily, as the pair has lent their unique sonic vision to almost a dozen tracks, ranging from the relatively obscure to some of the pop world's most famous artists. Label mates Vicarious Bliss were the first to get a retouch, but the Justice stamp has also graced songs by everyone from fellow dance acts like Daft Punk and Soulwax to music industry titans like Britney Spears. The attention certainly hasn't tempered the group's artistic reach, however. A remix of Franz Ferdinand's "The Fallen" would've been rendered unrecognizable if it weren't for the inclusion of a few repeated samples of Alex Kapranos' chopped and screwed vocal lines. As a bit of a self-aware jab at themselves, the song came tagged with the subtitle "Ruined by Justice." Perhaps to the relief of popular music's more conservative fans, these pop delinquents haven't had much time to tinker with other people's creations as of late.

"There were some remixes we really wanted to do, but we didn't have time to do them," de Rosnay notes of the past year. He and Auge have forgone hiring their services out as of late, opting to complete work on their own record instead. The as-yet-untitled LP, due out later this year, will be the duo's first full-length, though the public has already had a taste of what's in store from a handful of compilation tracks and the *Waters of Nazareth* EP. But while the aggressive rumble of the EP's title track and "One Minute to Midnight" is in full effect on new songs like the pre-release 12-inch, "Phantom", listeners are also in for some different sides of Justice. "D.A.N.C.E.", which serves as the record's official first single, trades the pair's trademark hard beats for funky up bass lines and disco strings. "D.A.N.C.E." is a special track on our album. We chose this to be the first single just because we loved it and we wanted to say that the album is not going to be exactly what you expect about us," says de Rosnay. The single also swaps the vocoded clips that usually serve as a Justice track's only vocal contribution for a full-on children's choir that the pair recorded while in London. In a rather fitting coincidence, the finished product shares the aesthetic of "We Are Your Friends". Their breakthrough hit was recently re-released, becoming the first taste of Justice for many of Europe's mainstream music fans when the accompanying video skipped its way up MTV Europe's chart. The clip even snagged the "Best Video" title at the MTV Europe 2006 Music Awards gala, much to the chagrin of one Kanye West.

Apparently, Kanye doesn't care about French people making dance music, as he felt compelled to bum-rush the stage when it was announced that "We Are Your Friends" and not his own "Touch the Sky" would be taking home MTV Europe's top video honours. Ironically, de Rosnay was en route to West's hometown of Chicago for a Justice gig when the ceremony was taking place. "We thought we wouldn't win, but when we landed in Chicago we got off the plane and saw tons of text messages saying 'Congratulations,'" he says with some lingering disbelief. Completely unaware that the world's most famous college dropout had stolen their spotlight with a wide-eyed rant, concluding that "if [he] didn't win, the whole awards show loses," the pair headed to their hotel to find out how the ceremony went down in a rather unrockstar-like fashion. "We went to the hotel and went on YouTube to see the thing, and this is when we discovered the beef with Kanye," de Rosnay recalls, laughing about the fact that Ed Banger comrade So Me was in Copenhagen to collect the award on their behalf. "It was so funny to see our friend being aggressed by Kanye West," he says, before noting that he was rather relieved to have missed the entire escapade. "I had to watch the thing like five times just to understand what he was saying. At the moment [it happened], I just would've looked so dumb, saying 'Aha Kanye, thank you.'" Something tells me he wouldn't have received a polite "You're welcome" in return.

Though their record is done and set for an early summer release date, de Rosnay and Auge are still full steam ahead. Undoubtedly, we can expect a few more hits and non-hits to be "ruined by Justice" (though probably not a "Gold Digger" remix), and the pair continue to play shows from Philly to France and everywhere in between. To say that Justice is riding high would be an understatement, but from what I could gather from Xavier de Rosnay, they could still probably use one favour when they drop in on Vancouver this month: if you show up, make sure you come to party.

b

"We went to the hotel and went on YouTube to see the thing, and this is when we discovered the beef with Kanye."

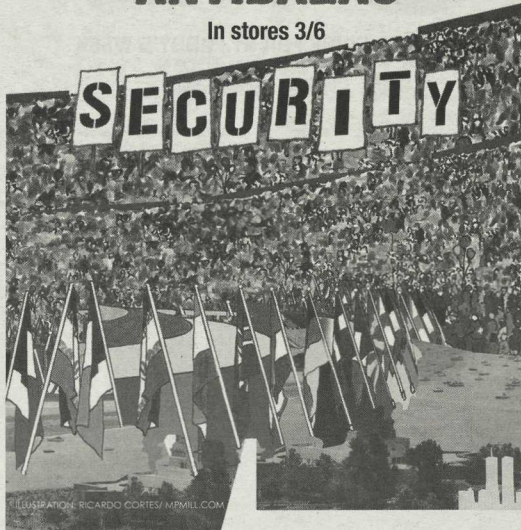




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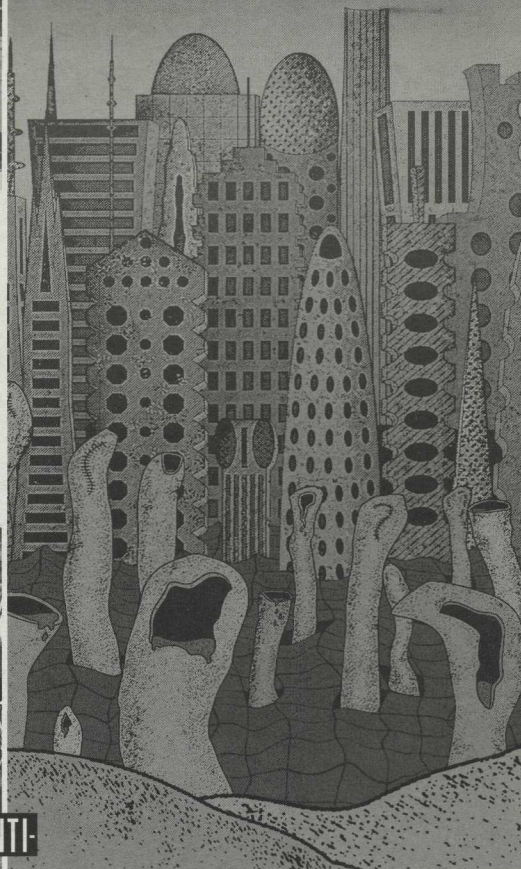
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WEEK**

**MARCH 14 - 18 2007**



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## FESTIVAL GUIDE FOR ST. PADDY'S WEEK

March 14<sup>th</sup> to 18<sup>th</sup> 2007

| DATE                  | TIME        | VENUE        | DESCRIPTION                                                                                                 |
|-----------------------|-------------|--------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| WEDNESDAY<br>March 14 | 6-8pm       | Doolin's     | 3 <sup>rd</sup> Annual Guinness Perfect Pint Pour Off Competition with Vancouver's finest CelticFest Barmen |
| Kick Off              | 7-9:30pm    | Roxy         | Amadan, Portland, Oregon, A South Irish Band, high energy, and Pogues-influenced                            |
|                       | 7-10pm      | Irish Cellar | Brody, a new young hip band stacked with professional musicians                                             |
|                       | 8-9pm       | Doolin's     | Sionnaine Irish Dancers                                                                                     |
|                       | 9pm-12am    | Doolin's     | Murphy's Laugh, Celtic Fiddler-singer duo                                                                   |
|                       | 10pm-3am    | Roxy         | Troys "R" Us                                                                                                |
|                       | 10pm-2am    | Irish Cellar | GEN X Wednesdays with X-Radio playing The best of 90's Rock --- some Celtic too                             |
| THURSDAY<br>March 15  | 7-9:30pm    | Doolin's     | Canucks v St Louis                                                                                          |
|                       | 7-9:30pm    | Roxy         | Ballyhooley, 4 pc Traditional Celtic band                                                                   |
|                       | 7-10pm      | Irish Cellar | Whiskydicks, young versatile high energy 5-piece band                                                       |
|                       | 9pm-12am    | Doolins      | Halifax Wharf Rats playing Atlantic East Coast music with rock flair                                        |
|                       | 10pm-3am    | Roxy         | Troys "R" Us                                                                                                |
|                       | 10pm-2am    | Irish Cellar | Featuring RADIO ONE, It'll kick the Brit out of you!                                                        |
| FRIDAY<br>March 16    | 11:30am-3pm | Doolins      | Open for Dublin Brekkie St Paddy's Eve                                                                      |
|                       | 7-11pm      | Irish Cellar | McGilllicuddy's High Octane Celtic Punk Rock Band & a Surprise Guest Artist                                 |
| SATURDAY<br>March 17  | 11am-3am    | Doolins      | Special guests Daniel Lapp, Sybriatic String Band, Tarkin, Shona Le Mottee Band                             |
|                       | 12pm-3am    | Irish Cellar | Special Guests Brody and Oliver Schroer Streels, Shona Mottee Band and DJ Joseph Michael O'riley            |
|                       | 12-5pm      | Roxy         | X-Radio                                                                                                     |
|                       | 5-8pm       | Roxy         | Daniel Lapp Band                                                                                            |
| SUNDAY<br>March 18    | 11:30am-2pm | Doolins      | Open for Dublin Brekkie                                                                                     |

### ST. PADDY'S PARADE

|          |              |                                                               |
|----------|--------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1-5pm    | Irish Cellar | The Sabir Sisters, 6 piece band with 4 fiddling sisters       |
| 1-5pm    | Roxy         | The Wheat in the Barley                                       |
| 6-9pm    | Irish Cellar | Triumph Street Pipe Band Concert Fundraiser                   |
| 5:30-8pm | Roxy         | CelticFest Wrap-up The Paperboys followed by Midnight Cowboys |

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The Roxy 932 Granville St | 604.331.7999 | [www.roxyvan.com](http://www.roxyvan.com)



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pitchfork rating: 8.3

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**MUM**  
The Peel Sessions



Before John Peel died... before Mum's lineup changed around... before the rest of the world tried to copy their sound...

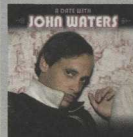
The sessions include 4 reworked tracks, spawned from the band's debut album 'Yesterday Was Dramatic, Today Is Okay'

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sunday

monday

tuesday

wednesday

thursday

friday

saturday

# MARCH 2007

|                                                                                       |                                                  |                                                                        |                                                                  |                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                               |                                                                           |                                                    |                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                 |                                                                                                                               |                               |                                                      |                                                                                                                                     |                                                                    |                                                                                                               |                                                  |                                                                                  |                                                                         |                                                                                                                          |                                                                                       |                                                                      |                                                                                                             |
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| 4<br>Twin Crystals CLIPD<br>Becky Basketball<br>Cheerleader Camp @ The<br>Lumplighter | 5<br>Do Make Say Think @<br>Richards on Richards | 6<br>BC Want! Monster, Les<br>Taberluks, Jones Bones @<br>The Columbia | 7<br>Nureck, Russian Wonders,<br>Maagie Gutwirth @ The<br>Cobalt | 8<br>Coffee and Cigarettes @<br>The Pils Pub   Kamakazi<br>Night, Slush, Block Collar<br>Crowd @ Pub 340 | 9<br>The Foggy Hometown Boys @<br>The Arts Club   Co-Pilots,<br>Windows 78, Under the<br>Sun @ Backstage Lounge | 10<br>CTR Spring Bash! @<br>The Lumplighter   Rod<br>Stewart @ GM Place State<br>Radio @ The Media Club  <br>Jason Martin, Yesterday's<br>Forgotten, Modern<br>Republic @ The Redroom | 11<br>Megadeth @ Pacific<br>Coliseum   The Zombies @<br>Richards on Richards   No<br>Shit Shireys @ St. James<br>Community Hall | 12<br>Christina Aguilera, The<br>Pussycat Dolls @ GM Place<br>  Bloc Party, Final Fantasy,<br>Smooth @ The Orpheum<br>Theatre | 13<br>Long Winters, Parbour<br>Steps, Steve Rio @ Richards<br>on Richards | 14<br>Jucifer, The People Verses<br>@ The Red Room | 15<br>Why're Hot @ The Pils Pub<br>The Hotel Lobbyists,<br>Hawaiian Bibles, London<br>Spy @ The Lumplighter | 16<br>Spirit of the West @ The<br>Commodore Ballroom  <br>Ninja Spy, Sound of the<br>Swarm, Born of Ashes @<br>The Lumplighter | 17<br>Mendoza, Last Plague @<br>The Cobalt   Caledonia,<br>The Wind Whistles @ The<br>Railway Club | 18<br>Megadeth @ Pacific<br>Coliseum   The Zombies @<br>Richards on Richards   No<br>Shit Shireys @ St. James<br>Community Hall | 19<br>Christina Aguilera, The<br>Pussycat Dolls @ GM Place<br>  Bloc Party, Final Fantasy,<br>Smooth @ The Orpheum<br>Theatre | 20<br>Red Sparrows @ Pils Pub | 21<br>The Fray, Kyle Rabbko @<br>The Orpheum Theatre | 22<br>You Say Party! We Say Die!<br>@ CTR 101.9 FM Radio  <br>Mutators, Twin Crystals,<br>Cheerleader Camp, The<br>Pocket @ Pub 340 | 23<br>Shout Out Out Out Out,<br>My Gay! Husband! @ The<br>Columbia | 24<br>TV on the Radio, Subtle<br>@ The Commodore Ballroom<br>Foster Kate, Bison, Two<br>Dollar Ties @ Pub 340 | 25<br>Dead Meadow, The<br>Yesterday @ Plaza Club | 26<br>Champion, You Say Party!<br>We Say Die! Malajube @<br>Richards on Richards | 27<br>The Apples in Stereo,<br>Casper & The Cookies @<br>The Media Club | 28<br>Bury Me in Eden, ShEating<br>PmX, Hot Licks @ The<br>Cobalt   Rataat 120 Days,<br>Despot @ Richards on<br>Richards | 29<br>Priestess, Pride Tiger @<br>Plaza Club   Paolo Nutini<br>@ Richards on Richards | 30<br>Sparta, Monene, Attack<br>in Black @ The Commodore<br>Ballroom | 31<br>Elvis Perkins in Dearland<br>@ The Media Club   The<br>Beat Attack, Rio Bent, 22<br>hookers @ Pub 340 |
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## Calendar Art by The Lions

Toshi Bortherton, Matthew Brown, Barry  
Daupe, Collin Johnson and James Whitman.

"Dripped, Dropped, Spilt, Upended, Exploded" until March 3 at Tracey Lawrence Gallery, Vancouver

<http://www.traceylawrencegallery.com>, and in "Innyices.com" in Paris till February 24. [http://innyices.com/TINYICES\\_COLETTE.html](http://innyices.com/TINYICES_COLETTE.html)

Matthew Brown will be having a solo of paintings at Tracey Lawrence this November. You can also see him in Paris, at the Vancouver Art Gallery wrapping up this month. Barry Daupe will be having a solo screening hosted by The Pleasure Dome at Cinecyclo, Toronto, March 24.



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GRASS CITY

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**HEY OCEAN**  
LOTUS CHILD  
MAURICE

Thursday, March 22nd  
**TV HEART ATTACK**  
**RETROGRADE**

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Top 40 - R&B - Hip Hop  
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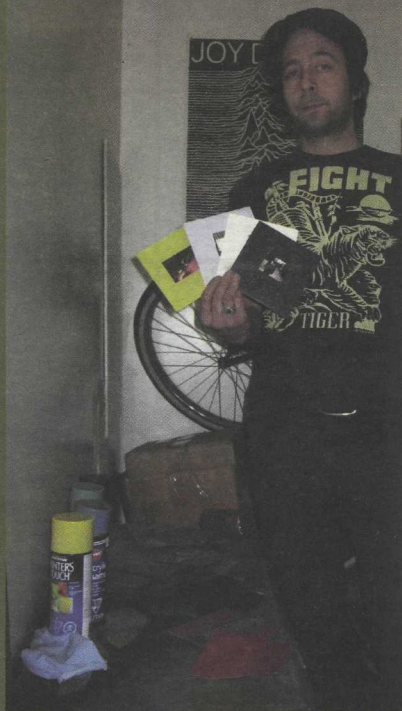
**SATURDAY**  
Top 40 - R&B  
Hip Hop - Dance  
**DJ TANNER**

# UPCOMING CONCERTS & EVENTS

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PERHAPS YOU HAVEN'T EVEN NOTICED, but for the past year or so, Steven Balogh has been quietly preserving some vital pieces of Vancouver's musical history. 100 pressings at a time. He runs the CD-R label 1777rex from his east side apartment, where he stitches and spray paints the covers of each limited edition release, documenting sounds that might otherwise have been lost.

Balogh's roots run deep in the Vancouver scene. He played with the Awkward Stage's Shane Nelken, with Mark Szabo in Capozzi Park, and led the experimental jazz outfit, Baron Samedi E.S.Q. (Ecstatic Soul Quintet), before founding Anemones with Nasty On singer Jason Grimmer and Kathy Dubé of the Cinch. When it comes to his role as label head though, he explains that the project was merely a way to facilitate "a celebration of some of the friendships [he's] made over the years." As fortune would have it for music fans, he happens to count some pretty talented company amongst those friends.

"I just wanted to just self-release the Anemones stuff when I started out, but as soon as I came up with the idea I realized there were other things I could do. I talked to Robert [Dayton] and Dan [Bejar] about Points Gray. And I talked

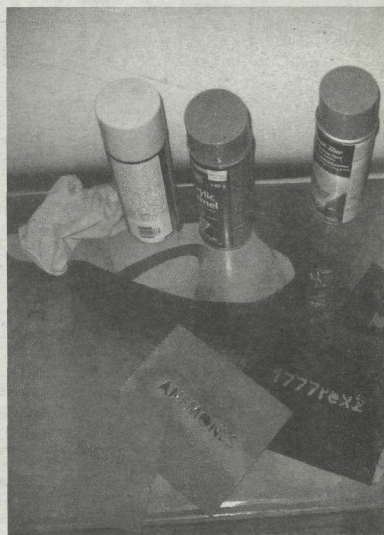
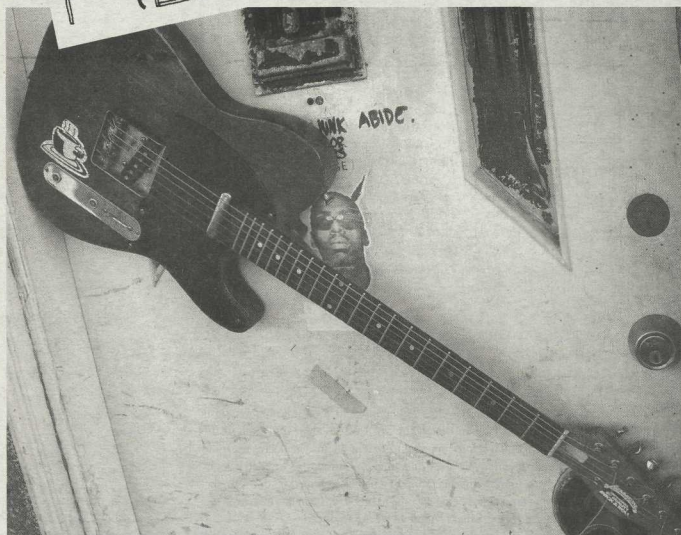


# FOR THE RECORD

## Unearthing Lost Gems with 1777rex

PHOTOS BY QUINN OMORI AND COURTESY OF 1777REX

by Quinn Omori



to Steve McBean (of Black Mountain/Pink Mountaintops) about Ex Dead Teenager. The former, which Balogh describes as 1777rex's one "hit," is a collection of songs that Dayton penned to perform with Bejar under the questionable moniker, A.I.D.S.

"They made the record, but Dan quit the band because he didn't want to play shows in a band called A.I.D.S.," says Balogh of the group's very brief existence. "Then talking about it over the years, Robert thought it was a good record and wanted it to see the light of day, and Dan agreed that if [Robert] changed the name of the band he'd give his blessing to it." The collection of "downer folk gems" showcases a side of Dayton that might be lost on most people, including any Destroyer fans looking for forgotten Bejar jewels. "People love Dan, but it's mainly Robert's project, which is mainly why I wanted to put it out, because it's different than everything else that he's done," explains Balogh. The label is also set to expose a side of Steve McBean that's probably new to many of the fans that follow his work.

"They were one of the best punk bands this city has ever produced," says Balogh of Ex Dead Teenager. A slightly different beast than either of McBean's current outlets, Ex Dead Teenager created spastic blasts of noise, often punctuated with

keyboard stabs, that in retrospect foreshadowed Vancouver's now characteristic no-wave sound. The record is currently in McBean's hands getting remastered. In the time between the release of Points Gray and getting the wheels in motion on Ex Dead Teenager, Balogh has managed to put out two more recent creations.

"Again, it just comes down to friendships. And Sipreano and Ice Palace—both those groups of people were not going to be releasing anything on their own," he notes of 1777rex releases three and four. "Kevin [Howes a.k.a. Sipreano] never would've finished something unless I said, 'I want to put this out.' And for [Ice Palace's] Lyndsay [Sung] and Rich [Trawick]—who just got married—making music is just part of their relationship." The latter release collects seven quietly captivating songs that come out of left field if you've got Sung's contributions to Pink Mountaintops and Radio Berlin or Trawick's former membership in Three Inches of Blood in mind. While the Sipreano LP is more characteristic of its author, the downtempo mix of sample collages and live instrumentation is still a shift from the lauded *Jamaica to Toronto* compilation that he curated last year.

With its one man staff taking a six-month leave from Vancouver to write and record with his own band in Montreal,

1777rex will be on hiatus after the release of the second *Anemones* EP, *Come Down Like a Cloud*. Although there's nothing currently slated in the label's future, Balogh is at least cautiously considering some potential releases.

"My friend Hollie Brown, she's always been really private about her stuff, but she's started to play house shows recently and her stuff's really beautiful. She gave me the sewing machine [that Balogh uses to stitch up the sleeves of each CD-R], so I'd like to do something for her if she's interested. If Mark Szabo ever started writing songs again and wanted to put something out, I would do that in a hot minute. Maybe the Prancing Cat stuff that Carey Mercer did for a while. We'll see."

No matter what happens, Steven Balogh will keep making music. There's not the same guarantee with 1777rex, but you can be sure that any future release will be something that you probably would've missed otherwise. Keep your ears open.

1777rex's releases are available at Zulu Records or by mail order at [myspace.com/1777rex](http://myspace.com/1777rex). The vinyl-only *Anemones* LP will be out soon on St. Ives. **b**

# INDIVIDUAL POETRY SLAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

## AN INCOMPLETE INTRODUCTION TO SLAM POETRY, FOR THOSE WHO ARE USED TO MUSIC

by Sarah Buchanan ILLUSTRATIONS BY REANNA ALDER

I AM TEN MINUTES LATE for the Last Chance Slam, which is the first event of the International World Poetry Slam. Tonight's winner will ascend to the weekend rounds of official slamming, meaning that they could win the World Championship, meaning that the bar is packed, and I have to wait. Slam poets are a new breed, emphasizing performance rather than the written word, competing in venues all over North America for the chance to claim the title of Slam Master. One by one they perform, get judged, and rejoin the crowd. Let me be clear about one thing: this is a sport, and loose clothing is recommended.

From a quick scan of the crowd outside, I conclude that slam poets are mostly hot people who smoke terrible cigarettes. Peter Jackson's, Players, Export A—perhaps this is part of a lyrical semiotic system that I have not yet grasped. Or perhaps the mostly American competitors had hopped across the border that very morning, ran out of smokes, and promptly bought the cheapest shit they could find. As they rant and rage poetically with lit cigarettes in hand, I imagine them instead holding a tightly rolled Drum, or a slender Benson & Hedges, or a balled up sweater clenched in one hand.

Inside, I wedge myself next to a photographer who is crouching on the ground. It becomes clear that I am in the way. This does not seem to be a problem. The poems are quite varied: heavy poetry about chemotherapy, light poetry about a man seeing his landlord's penis, and poetry I don't understand about being covered in blood, but still like anyway. I am nodding, others choose to wave fists or yell.

I am especially impressed by a man whose name I cannot pronounce, a small hairy man who takes the stage near the end of the night and speaks in a rolling, silky voice. I find out later that he is Anis Moigani, and has won a lot of things. But right now, I have no idea, and I am shocked.

I head to the bar and shove my little notebook inside my rubber boot, where it escapes somewhere on the floor of La Rocca. This is embarrassing because there is weird shit in there (in the notebook, not La Rocca), including a terrible dolphin sketch and one song lyric which is also terrible. The dolphin may in fact be mistaken for a curly line. So if you found it, don't look.

Anis won the night, but the final prize went to claustrophobia, which is what sent me home early. Being in the way





**I take it poetry doesn't exactly pay the bills these days.**  
Actually, it does. I don't have to work much anymore. Touring can pay alright, especially on the college circuit.

**The college circuit?**

Yeah, it's just taking off. You can make up to a thousand bucks on a really good night. In a bar, maybe fifty bucks, and some beer.

**Wow. That's a lot.**

Yeah. I'm hungry.

**Me too.**

We walk across the street for sushi, at which point I eat peanut sauce by accident and feel uncomfortable. I am allergic to peanuts. I only have so much time before my ears swell and I have to go home and throw up. The pressure is on.

**Why did you change your poem last night right before walking on stage?**

It had to do with the poets before me. I felt like the subject matter had already been addressed that night, and I needed something fresh.

**Is this a common slam thing?**

Sometimes. I often write poems the morning of the slam, like on Thursday. I think you judged that one.

I remember the poem, a delicate admission of his first "I love you" to a punk girl he never kissed. While the female judges loved it, the male judges seemed to think he was a pussy, and scored lower.

**Is there a lot of strategy involved in which poems you use? Like, there have to be a few poems you know are really kick-ass.**

The bottom line is, if you go to Worlds, you have to have seven poems, and they'd better all be incredible.

**Huh. Do you plan on doing this for a while?**

I feel pretty close to retiring. I've done everything I wanted to

do with Slam. I went to Urbana, I went to the Berkeley Slam. I made it to finals at least one year, and I lived successfully off poetry for a while. I'd like to try something new.

**Like what?**

Well, I'm finishing a manuscript.

**Can you tell me what it's about?**

First kisses.

**Awesome.**

At this point, I lose focus due to residual peanut swelling, and cannot give a proper account of our conversation.

I had no idea what to expect from the much-hyped final round on Saturday night, but I was suitably impressed. There was cheap beer—good beer—and popcorn. Everyone was in good spirits, even the line-up of last-minute hopefuls snaking around the block.

The big names were all there. Buddy Wakefield, two-time world champ, performed a stunning poem that nobody seemed to like as much as I did. Andrea Gibson was the clear crowd favourite, receiving two standing ovations compared to a combined total of none for the rest of the poets. Anis Mojgani had me spellbound again with his rhythmic incantations about fish. Slam poems often get bogged down in dense subject matter, relying on pain more than pleasure to score points. Anis avoids this, and stands out for it.

Ed Maybre came away with first, storming through an impressive set of poems that shocked and rattled the predominantly white, upper middle-class audience. He wrote his son's name on the inside of his wrist and kissed it before starting each piece. The room went dead quiet each time he finished, out of breath.

I had to take a walk before being able to speak after the finals. It was too intense. If I organized a slam, I would have an intermission halfway through, and project little fluffy clouds onto a giant screen for the audience. Even the after-party was a bit too intense for me. People kept going into this huge trailer in the front yard and closing the door and then running back out again ten minutes later. Everyone who wasn't doing that was dancing. I lasted an hour and then got really hot, so I walked home through the damp industrial parks of East Hastings.

I can understand the attraction of the slam scene, now that I have seen the best of it. It's like the punk rock of poetry, bursting out of a scene that many fans wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. *Poetry readings? No thanks, I'd rather gnaw off my own arm.* One can only hope that this new enthusiasm for poetry will lead to a wider appreciation of the small, subtle poems being read in bars across the continent, and not just the flashy theatrics of slam. **B**

Under the warm glow  
of beer signs upstairs, I  
compose a list of pros  
and cons, and decide  
that I would rather  
watch poetry. Did I just  
say that? I can't be-  
lieve this. I would rather  
watch poetry.





# THE LAMPLIGHTER

## Long & McQuade → University 2007

### Free clinics during the month of March

Saturday, March 3: 2-3 p.m.  
(VANCOUVER / HASTINGS)  
Oboe Masterclass with Erin Marks

Tuesday, March 6: 7-9 p.m.  
(VICTORIA)  
Textural Drumming with Rob Gretsinger

Tuesday, March 6: 7-9 p.m.  
(LANGLEY)  
Electronic Drum Clinic with Kyle Radomsky

Saturday, March 10: 2-4 p.m.  
(VANCOUVER / ARBUTUS)  
Meet and Greet with  
Black Sabbath's Vinny Appice

Sunday, March 11: 1-4:30 p.m.  
(OAKRIDGE AUDITORIUM)  
Canadian Print Music Book Fair

Tuesday, March 13: 7-9 p.m.  
(VICTORIA)  
Music Industry Q & A with Michael Burke

Thursday, March 15: 7-9 p.m.  
(Location To Be Announced)  
Recording Workshop with  
Garth Richardson & Ben Kaplan

Thursday, March 15: 7-9 p.m.  
(SURREY)  
Pro Tools Basics

Tuesday, March 20: 7-9 p.m.  
(VICTORIA)  
Guitar Set-Up Workshop with Scott Oakley

Tuesday, March 20: 7-9 p.m.  
(PORT COQUITLAM)  
Drum Clinic with Pat Steward

Thursday, March 22: (Time - To Be Announced)  
(NORTH VANCOUVER)  
Shedding Clinic with Bruce Munson from Sibelius USA  
Pro Tools 101 with Dan "Seabass" Pollen

Thursday, March 22: 7-9 p.m.  
(SURREY)  
Yamaha Drum Clinic with Mike Michalkow

Tuesday, March 27: 7-9 p.m.  
(VICTORIA)  
SOCAN Workshop with Terry O'Brien

Tuesday, March 27: 7-9 p.m.  
(LANGLEY)  
Guitar Clinic with Jay Buettner

Wednesday, March 28: 7-9 p.m.  
(SURREY)  
Guitar Clinic with Dave Martone

Wednesday, March 28: 7-9 p.m.  
(VANCOUVER / ARBUTUS)  
SOCAN Workshop with Terry O'Brien

Thursday, March 29: 7-9 p.m.  
(NORTH VANCOUVER)  
Jazz Improv and Sax Interaction with a Jazz Band  
with Campbell Ryga and Russ Taggart

Friday, March 30: 7-9 p.m.  
(NORTH VANCOUVER)  
Jazz Improv with Dennis Esson

TO REGISTER: Via Email - Please send an email to the store at which the seminar is being held, include your name, phone number, and the name and date of the seminar you'd like to attend.  
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**FRIDAY MARCH 02** • LOBBY GALLERY Closing Party! w/ TBA

**SATURDAY MARCH 03** • 3 to 6pm NEW ORLEANS ALE STARS  
8pm to close AARRGH! RECORDS Presents: CHET CD RELEASE PARTY with guests  
THE CHOIR PRACTICE

**SUNDAY MARCH 04** • CLIPD BEAKS (TIGERBEAT 6), BASKETBALL, CHEERLEADER CAMP, TWIN CRYSTALS

**MONDAY MARCH 05** • DA SPOT! (Weekly Hip-Hop) RHEK, MOVES, ELICIT, LUCKY, PIKZ, SONREAL, and DJ PHONOGRAPH

**THURSDAY MARCH 08** • ART IN THE DARK! MARIA IN THE SHOWER, TRECHEROUS MACHETE, WHYTE HOT!, BURLESQUE

**FRIDAY MARCH 09** • THE PARLOUR STEPS, THE FEBRUARYS, THE INGREDIENTS

**SATURDAY MARCH 10** • 3 to 6pm NEW ORLEANS ALE STARS  
9pm to close THE CITR SPRING BASH MIDNIGHT DRAGON, CIRCUS IN FLAMES, JUNIOR MAJOR

**SUNDAY MARCH 11** • JAKARTA, JASON CLACKLEY, THE FALL OF SUMMER, KEEP IT SECRET, THE ALBI

**MONDAY MARCH 12** • DA SPOT! (Weekly Hip-Hop) RHEK, MOVES, JAN MAN and GUMSHOESTRUT

**THURSDAY MARCH 15** • HOTEL LOBBYISTS, LONDON SPY, HAWAIIAN BIBLES

**FRIDAY MARCH 16** • BORN OF ASHES, NINJA SPY, SOUND OF THE SWARM

**SATURDAY MARCH 17** • 3 to 6pm NEW ORLEANS ALE STARS  
9pm to close SKULL SKATES Party TBA

**MONDAY MARCH 19** • DA SPOT! (Weekly Hip-Hop) RHEK, MOVES

**WEDNESDAY MARCH 21** • EAST SIDE DEATH SQUAD, PISSUPS, TWO DOLLAR TIES, WARBIRDS

**THURSDAY MARCH 22** • TBA

**FRIDAY MARCH 23** • 3 to 6pm NEW ORLEANS ALE STARS  
9pm to close KILL RHYTHM, JUST CAUSE, GUESTS

**SATURDAY MARCH 24** • PENDER CD Release

**MONDAY MARCH 26** • DA SPOT! (Weekly Hip-Hop) RHEK, MOVES, DEF POETS SOCIETY

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# REAL LIVE ACTION



Neko Case at The Commodore, February 13  
PHOTO BY KATE ROSSITER

Deerhoof  
Hot Loins  
blackblack

FEBRUARY 2

Richard's on Richards

Deerhoof beamed into Vancouver on February 2nd to play a set for a sold-out crowd at Richard's on Richards. Locals Hot Loins christened the proceedings, ripping into an impressive set of damaged synth-punk and noise. Alternating between terse and restrained passages with emotive drunken caterwauls, and then releasing the tension with crashing, combative guitars and keys laden over powerful drum fills, the boys made a lovely racket. Perhaps a step or two out of their comfort zone, they're probably best seen in an East Van dive where they can preach to the converted, but a strong set nonetheless. (Banter - Crowd member: "Where's your lead singer?" / Donruss [Vocals/Guitar]: "Wow, I don't even have a comeback for that. [pause] I killed him.") Good guys.

Los Angeles's blackblack hit second and offered juxtaposition to the anger and catharsis of Hot Loins. After they set up, I thought the trio were too good-looking to be any sort of credible noise band (the bassist/vocalist and drummer might as well have been Mischa Barton). They returned dressed as a tiger, an African Sikh, and Jeff Daniels' character in *The Purple Rose of Cairo* (a safari theme) ready to show up my prejudice. Turned out they weren't really a noise band. (I

didn't hear any "black metal" as advertised on their MySpace page) instead playing gentle, child-like pop. The set was fairly lackluster, the band a bit restrained by their own whimsical pretense. Often when bands employ that sort of pageantry it's to accent some eccentric dynamic residing within. Here it didn't quite ring true and came off a bit like a school play. I'm being a bit hard on the fresh-faced startlets, likely out of jealousy. They did have charm, and the occasional bright chorus, but the performance wasn't great.

Deerhoof did not disappoint, delivering an astonishing performance. Their set was made up of songs from nearly all their albums, showcasing the many facets of their dynamic music. The highlights were numerous, but the seamless opening salvo of "The Eyebright Bugler", the new single "+81", and particularly "This Magnificent Bird Will Rise" was sensational. The power trio format played to their strengths as performers, and keyboard parts from the records were filled in aptly, either by guitar or drums. Satomi Matsusaki anchored the performance with sturdy bass, her distinctive vocal style, and expressive hand gestures to match the lyrics. It was appropriately cute, but never cloying. In fact, Matsusaki's vocal styling and the band's overall pop craft provide the perfect framework for Dietrich and especially Saunier to lay out their explosive, improvisational attack.

Deerhoof live is the work of three musicians pulling in different directions until it sounds like they're about to fall



apart, only to come crashing together at the band's poppiest moments. What masks as chaos is undeniable synergy. This, coupled with their infectious exuberance, make them a premier live act.

Mike Fodor

# Phil Minton's Feral Choir

FEBRUARY 7  
Carnegie Centre  
FEBRUARY 8-10

Time Flies Festival, Ironworks

One of the primary exponents of an eccentric school of free vocalisation, British improviser Phil Minton has a range of clicks, pops, tweets, gurgles and cries at his disposal sufficient to bewilder the most devoted phonetician. In his mid 60s, Minton performs at a compelling level of physical intensity, his feet twitching and head jerking as, seated, he uses his whole body to produce the desired sounds. Minton came to Vancouver to perform at Coastal Jazz and Blues' Time Flies festival, alongside fellow UK improviser and saxophonist John Butcher. Toronto drummer Harris Eisenstadt, and locals Peggy Lee and Torsten Muller. For three nights, the musicians played in rotating combinations, often pushing their instruments beyond normal boundaries. Danish guitarist Hasse Poulsen occasionally played his guitar with a bow—or a Slinky. Butcher produced effects with his horn that often didn't require him to blow into the instrument. Seattle-based violinist Eyvind Kang impressed me in particular; he was extremely gifted at treading a line between free playing and almost folk-like themes, passionately stated.

There were moments that didn't work. Poulsen seemed off the third night, and Dutch pianist Cor Fuhler, though clearly gifted, appears not to have mastered whatever skill it is that allowed his fellows to sense when a piece is ending. These are small things compared to the exquisite beauty of the music; it can be a revelatory experience, to be present as improvisers craft organic and unique compositions out of little more than their attentiveness to each other and their craft.

The high point, though, occurred before the festival proper started, at a sparsely-attended free show at Main and Hastings' Carnegie Center. Wearing a floral shirt and spectacles, Minton led and performed alongside a "Feral Choir" of six Vancouverites, including a man in his 50s in a bandana, reminiscent of Jodorowsky in full beard, and an instantly likable older woman with a turquoise scarf around her head and a bright pink one around her neck. As the seven produced an unclassifiable and ever-changing tapestry of sound, a few of the Carnegie's more downtrodden regulars ventured in, and then back out, stirring free coffee and scratching their heads. A gruff male attendee skeptically muttered to his buddy that the people on stage were a "bunch of cuckoos"—but stayed to watch. Toward the end, Minton led his choir in a little dance. As things quieted, I briefly mistook the gurgle of the coffee machine behind me for part of the performance.

As the applause died down (surprisingly loud for a crowd of perhaps 20), a middle-aged woman in the row ahead turned to me and looked up, looking not at all like an art geek. "I liked it," she said, with just enough emphasis on the word to suggest that you could call her crazy if you wanted to, "but..." Then she smiled, looking somewhat puzzled. And that was the best part of the night.

Allan MacInnis

# Of Montreal

Trevor Risk

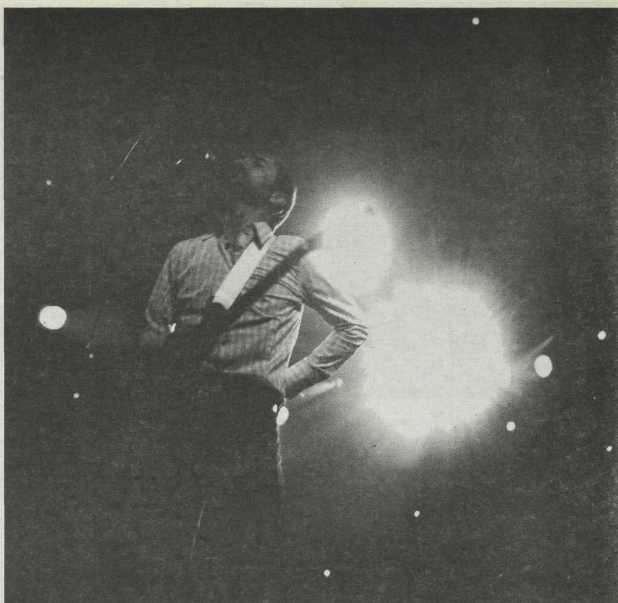
FEBRUARY 7

Richard's on Richards

Before heading off to Richard's on Wednesday night, I decided that I should do a bit of tappity-tapping on the good ol' interweb to see what's what in the world of Of Montreal. As it turns out, their current success is being both praised and despised due to an incident in which Kevin Baines sold the rights to "Wraith Pinned to the Mist and Other Games" to Outback Steakhouse. Reports stated that Baines later regretted the sale, and that it had all boiled down to being hopped up on anti-depressants at the time.

I arrived just in time to hear Vancouver's own vinyl sweet-heart Trevor Risk wrapping up his set. Nice, but this trend of Dick's-on-Dicks showcasing local DJs as the opening act of their concerts is mildly disheartening. None the less, Mr. Risk did an excellent job of fluffing the audience for the main act. There was a strange crew at Richard's that evening, which included several girls who were dressed for the Plaza on a Friday night. I briefly wondered if they had heard of Of Montreal from the steak house commercial.

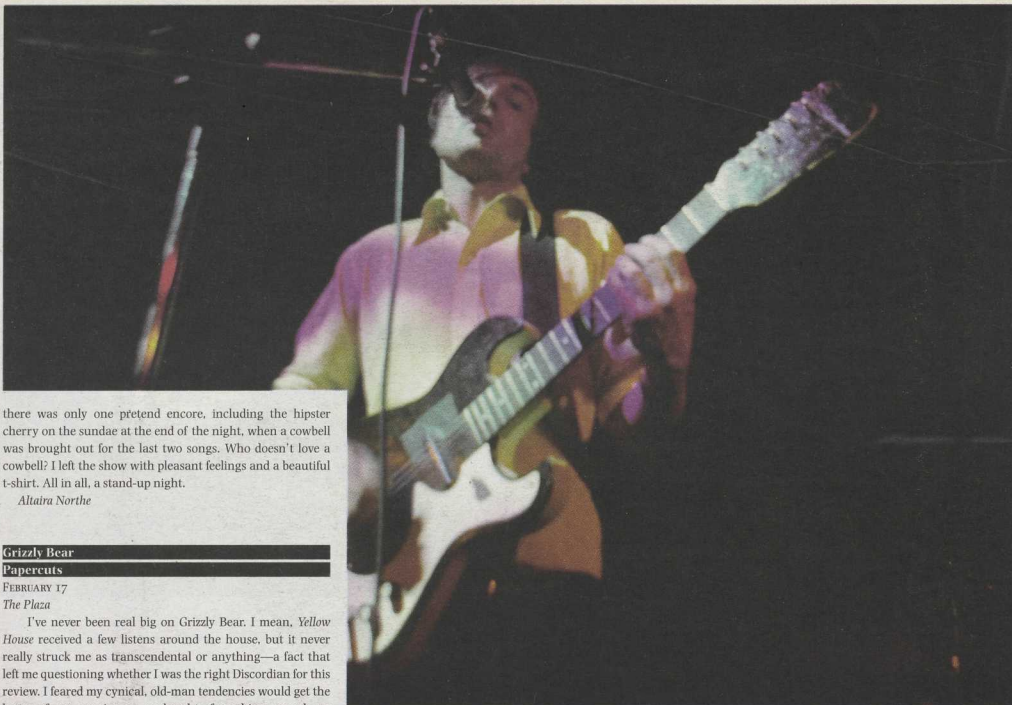
When I first listened to *Hissing Fauna, Are You the Destroyer?* I thought it sounded like over-produced, 80s radio, pseudo glam-rock rip-offs, but I quickly forgot all that once the band took the stage. In fact, it took me several songs to realize that there were no drums (although others, I am told, did notice, and were not too impressed). The band wore a sparkletastic array of costumes, looking as though they had dressed this way more for their own pleasure than in any attempt to show off to the crowd. Baines treated the audience members as well-received dinner guests, and he was simply so pleased they were having a lovely time. The show was energetic and lovely but part way through I couldn't help but crave a little less glam-rock, and a little more "Mimi Merlot". Thankfully,



The Shins at The Commodore, February 19  
PHOTO BY JAKE MADISON

BRIEF

THIS JUST IN



there was only one pretend encore, including the hipster cherry on the sundae at the end of the night, when a cowbell was brought out for the last two songs. Who doesn't love a cowbell? I left the show with pleasant feelings and a beautiful t-shirt. All in all, a stand-up night.

*Allaura Northe*

## Grizzly Bear

### Papercuts

FEBRUARY 17

The Plaza

I've never been real big on Grizzly Bear. I mean, *Yellow House* received a few listens around the house, but it never really struck me as transcendental or anything—a fact that left me questioning whether I was the right Discordian for this review. I feared my cynical, old-man tendencies would get the better of me, causing an onslaught of scathing remarks to litter this review—and my mailbox. But after cuddling up to the stage at the band's second appearance in Vancouver, I can safely say I now "get" Grizzly Bear and have no need to bring any hostility into this write-up.

So let me explain why last month's show converted me into a bit of a gushing fanboy. First off, Grizzly Bear dispelled my preconceived notion that their live show would become some self-indulgent, free-form exercise. They kept things to the point during the evening, giving room for a bit of experimentation but never straying too far off course. For this I have to give the band high fives. Second, instead of relying on a bunch of vocal effects, these guys actually sang, and sang quite well—a reminder that Grizzly Bear's four-way harmonies outdo the vocal loops some other bears use in their collectives. Third, the band turned up the rock, maybe not to 11, but, for my wussy ears, that's fine. As the four players worked through a set mainly taken from *Yellow House*, they often turned the album's strings and production tricks into crunchy guitar tones and some mighty big drum sounds, which brings me to my last piece of praise: Grizzly Bear's man behind the kit, Christopher Bear (not sure if that's his Christian name or a rock pseudonym). Bear drummed like he's been studying under Michael Karoli for years, repeatedly pushing the band's songs into a much more intense, rock 'n' roll territory than heard on recordings, such as during the concert's climatic closer, "On a Neck, On a Split".

However, I do have a few minor grumbles about the night. The band's take on my favourite **Phil Spector** song, "He Hit Me," came out a bit too sludgy for my tastes, and the weird electronic bits could have been pushed up in the mix more. Also, the show hit somewhat of a lull at the three-quarter mark, causing loud chatter to rise in the club, but maybe the high quotient of weirdos in the crowd were talking for completely different reasons: I have no idea. With all the strangeness I witnessed that night, anything is possible. Numerous make-out sessions, violent rock fists and some maestros who

conducted not the band but an unmoving crowd were at all sides. Then again, Grizzly Bear does make drug music, right?

So as I peddled home after the show, I contemplated how all my negativity towards the band had been flipped on its head, and a thought came to me: maybe first impressions aren't that important after all.

*Brock Thiesen*

## The Shins

### Viva Voce

FEBRUARY 19

Commodore Ballroom

Probably the most memorable part of seeing The Shins perform at the Commodore was when Russell Mercer, the frontman and central nervous system of the Oregon-based group, reached down to an injured and near-crushed-to-death girl in the front row. His hand reached down and linked to hers and the young girl effortlessly ascended out of the crowd, as if escorted by two angels. Battered, bleeding, and covered in a mixture of her own tears, sweat and vomit, the American

*Grizzly Bear at The Plaza, February 17*

PHOTO BY BROCK THIESEN

Apparel-clad tween used her last ounce of strength to hold herself standing, teetering on the stage before Mercer.

The music stopped. The crowd collectively held its breath in bewilderment. Russell Mercer wiped a tear from the fan's cheek and what happened next is the stuff of legend—the modestly dressed rock star belted a melody from his vocal chords so beautiful I swear he channeled the song of Apollo himself. Simultaneously, Mercer smashed his hand across the strings of his guitar, releasing from his body a kind of radiant healing energy.

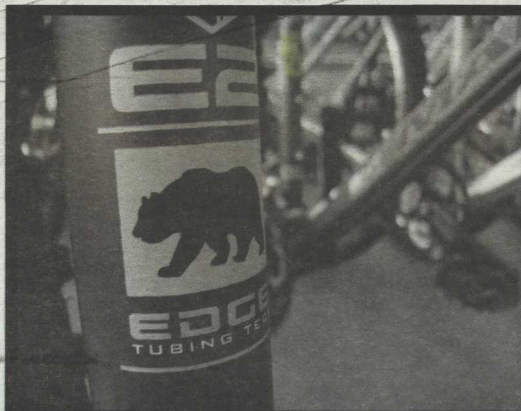
As if mimicking a scene from the faith healing television sermons of Benny Hinn, the girl was released from the shackles of her mortal wounds, as her cuts and broken bones mended before our very eyes.

From that point, the drummer quickly counted the band into a booming rendition of "Kissing the Lipless", the final song in their set. Just as the last chord was strummed, the entire band vanished in a cloud of vapour. Just as we left the Commodore, my friend smugly pointed out, "I guess Natalie Portman was right. The Shins really will change your life!"

*Danny McCash*

5





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# Final Show for FUN 100

## Sudden Infant Dance Syndrome

The Badamps

The Doers

FUN 100

February 3

Mount Pleasant Community Centre

"It's kind of funny how a band is always more popular after they break up," says guitarist Dylan Thomas, after his final performance/reunion show with his punk rock band The Badamps. To sum it all up, the Mt. Pleasant Community Centre was an unlikely place for the end of a Vancouver punk era on February 3rd. It was at this unusual venue with no stage that two local bands with a loyal following—The Badamps and FUN 100—played their last shows, while guests The Doers and Sudden Infant Dance Syndrome rounded out the proceedings.

When "community centre" and "all-ages punk show" get put together in the same sentence, there's bound to be expectations of a young audience with crossed arms bobbing up and down. Instead, the show went from your average rock-a-thon to a giant mosh pit, with a band somewhere in the middle of the melee. These kids just took it to the next level, going as far as to knock mics onto the bands. "It was amazing," says Sudden Infant Dance Syndrome guitarist Craig

Fahner. "Seeing FUN 100 play with a hundred kids singing along instead of a PA was so incredible. It was like that scene in *Another State of Mind* when Minor Threat is playing a show where the sound man doesn't show up and they play anyway, and the vocals as sung by the entire crowd come through with perfect clarity. Except Minor Threat had politics, whereas FUN 100 are about having fun." Likewise preoccupied with enjoying themselves, Fahner and his band, who had come all the way from Calgary to open the show with an energetic mix of indie punk and underwear, were an excellent way to kick off the night.

As great as the concert was, the fact that it was the last show for two of the four bands gave the night a tint of nostalgia. "We never really had lots of luck as a band," Ryan Dyck, vocalist and keyboardist of FUN 100 explains, "But we still did what we wanted, so it turned out to be a fitting last show." The two retiring bands were just there to go out having a good time. "I've never had so much fun. People genuinely seemed into it, and it was a great way to end it," says Thomas. They played some songs off their new EP *Two/Face* and brought back some favourites that hadn't been played in years, such as the ever-popular "Banned from the IGA".

Thomas explained his reasons for ending the band on the mic in front of everyone, claiming it was due to his feeling,

"like we weren't going anywhere, and I felt like I had written all the pop-punk love songs I could." It's a style he found very limiting to write with in the first place. In the time between The Badamps' new release and their previous records, Thomas went on to perform solo as a folk singer, and with another, more intense punk band he fronts, The Jolts. New projects are also possible in the future for FUN 100, and their reasons for breaking up aren't too different. According to Dyck, "We couldn't keep up what people expected of FUN 100, and more line-up changes were looming on the horizon, something we didn't want to deal with."

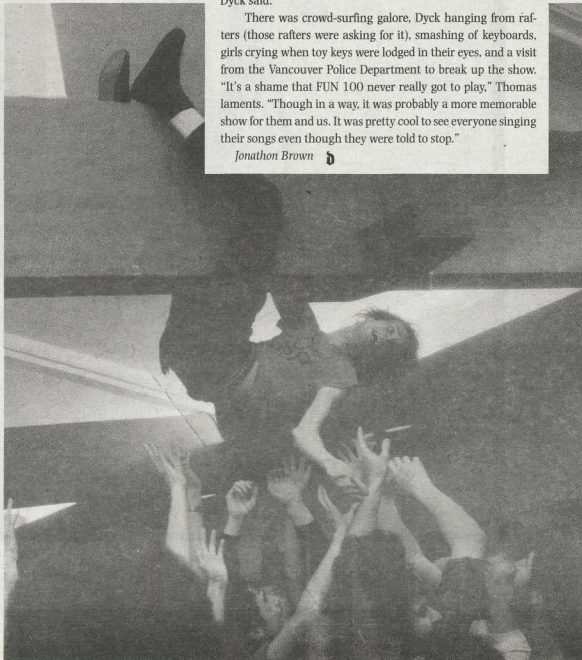
The final show for FUN 100 nearly didn't happen. Come midnight, after a few noise complaints from the pleasant citizens of the neighbourhood, equipment failure and an appearance by the RCMP sounded the death knell of any party. The last thing anyone heard from FUN 100 was that they only had time for one song. "They were about to shut it down, we were told we couldn't play at all, but we managed to squeeze in 4 songs. When I told the crowd that we were allowed to play one song, I was lying," recalls Dyck. The music came from the crowd, who burst into song on their own, then turned to backing music for FUN 100's set, which included an extended drum solo to "Hot Popular Girl". Meanwhile, Mount Pleasant Community Centre organizers began to take the amps and mics away until the lights came on and the power was cut. "Everything I wanted to happen at our last show happened, and it was more memorable than playing the same set again," Dyck said.

There was crowd-surfing galore, Dyck hanging from rafters (those rafters were asking for it), smashing of keyboards, girls crying when toy keys were lodged in their eyes, and a visit from the Vancouver Police Department to break up the show. "It's a shame that FUN 100 never really got to play," Thomas laments. "Though in a way, it was probably a more memorable show for them and us. It was pretty cool to see everyone singing their songs even though they were told to stop."

Jonathon Brown

d

PHOTOS BY IRALEIGH ANDERSON









# UNDER REVIEW

## THE BIRD AND THE BEE, THE BLANKKET DEAN BRITTA, EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY, OH NO,

MALAJUBE, PETER BJORN AND JOHN, SECRET MOMMY, AMY WINEHOUSE, YOUTH GROUP

### The Bird and the Bee

The Bird and the Bee  
Metro Blue

The Bird and Bee are a jazzy pop duo, and their self-titled album has a very misleading "Parental Advisory: Explicit Content" logo on it. This is probably because of the song "F\*cking Boyfriend", which is essentially a jazzy pop song, except that the chorus contains a shockingly casual and seemingly pointless use of profanity. Even in the liner lyrics the word is written "f\*cking". What I can't figure out is why anyone would want to limit their audience, even by the minuscule amount that the parental advisory might, when they don't even want to write the word in full. And once you have the parental advisory, why not just run with it and fill every song with cursing?

That might have helped, because The Bird and the Bee work in a kind of pedestrian jazz-pop reminiscent of **Ladytron**, but without much edge. The best songs are ones like "I Hate Camera" and "I'm a Broken Heart", where the music actually feels like it has some substance. Even then, it's all so gentle and breezy that the album feels like falling asleep in a warm bath. In sugar. In an elevator.

Nicole Barnholden

### The Blanket

Be Your Own Boss  
Blocks Recording Club

It is an old cliché, but necessity is rightfully said to be at least half the motivation behind all of our spectacular, ri-

diculous human endeavours. The Blocks Recording Club, based in Toronto, is an official, tangible result of a need for community within industry. With the motto, "Don't try, do!", the club gathers members bent on *doing* music, dirtying hands as much as they can along the way. At Blocks, the people who record, produce, distribute, and promote the music are the same people who make it. For the audience, what this actually translates into are beautiful and strange artifacts of sound to be gotten on the cheap. As the people at Blocks explain, "We believe that working together we can accomplish far more than we ever could working apart and further, that by moving closer to a co-operative economy we're helping in whatever small way we can, to minimize the harmful effects of capital in the world." This is DIY, no fucking joke.

Perhaps an explication on this alternative economic philosophy is The Blanket's *Be Your Own Boss*, a mini album of man-of-the-hour **Bruce Springsteen** covers. Known for his anti-corporate politics and an ability to capture the working class struggle, Springsteen's music is a strangely appropriate bedfellow to the Blocks' co-operative logic. That Blocks does business differently than much of the music industry should not preclude them from being successful in more traditional ways, like being able to pay their rent. Springsteen, for all his depictions of typical American

life, must be making his own ends meet, no problem. And so, one hopes, the same is happening in the east of our country, because the music that Blocks is making is important. And gorgeous.

A founding member of Blocks, The Blanket is one man, Steve Kado. These covers hearken back to his childhood, a place where music was scarce, but Springsteen was nonetheless played on the car stereo as Kado fell in and out of sleep in the back seat. Obviously, these covers come from a place of love, but what Kado does is not really an honouring of their traditional form. These Springsteen covers explode the Boss, totally re-imagining songs that are very, very classic. The charge of creative bankruptcy often leveled against cover versions is here totally unfounded. *Be Your Own Boss* reads like an experiment as much as it does a memory, and this may be another reason The Blanket covers Springsteen—his image is culturally tied to ideas of freedom, and this small collection is an explication on freedom of form as much as it is anything else. These covers have wings of their own right.

c. turions

### D.O.A.

Bloodied But Unbowed

Sudden Death

This is an excellent collection by the band almost universally credited with coining the term "hardcore". The album is a modern reissue of a 1984 collection of the

band's best works spanning from their 1978 inception through to 1983. This is absolutely the best era of a still-relevant band, and it's worth noting that these songs stand the test of time despite the fact that they weren't compiled with the benefit of hindsight. However, with tracks in common with the upcoming singles collection, the greatest hits compilation *War and Peace*, the Polish-issued greatest hits compilation *Greatest Shits*, the recently reissued (with bonus tracks) *War on 45 EP*, and the reissued versions of their first two albums and an early seven inch, one might question whether this long out-of-print collection really needed to be reissued. If you're already a big fan of the band, you know whether or not you can justify the purchase, but if you're as confused as I was, definitely start here.

Justin Banal

### Dean and Britta

Back Numbers

Zoe Records

"I probably kept going because I was interested in her—if I'm being very honest with myself." These are the words Dean Wareham once said about Britta Phillips in the *Luna* documentary, *Tell Me Do You Miss Me*. In the scene, he explains how the only thing, or in this case person, that held Luna together in those last few years was his wife Britta. And after listening to *Back Numbers*, one gets the impression she's still what keeps him going.

On this soothing album,

Dean and Britta follow in the fine tradition of lovers making music to make love to. Like Lee and Nancy did in '68, *Back Numbers* boasts eleven songs full of sweet nothings, love dust, and fuzzy wuzzies—a bewitching formula Dean and Britta first explored on their last outing, *L'Avventura*. But unlike their debut, *Back Numbers*' sonic souvenirs are of a more electronic nature. Along with production vet Tony Visconti (**David Bowie**, **T. Rex**), they have added an array of digital touches to back Dean's distinctive guitar work, giving the album a unique sound of its own and effectively distancing themselves from the Luna years.

While Dean's contributions are significant, it's Britta who really takes charge of *Back Numbers*. She sings the lead on the majority of the album's tracks and showcases a dynamic vocal range, as on the moving rendition of **Lee Hazlewood**'s "You Turned My Head Around". The rework of "Family Conference" (a track the duo originally scored for the film *The Squid and the Whale*) into "The Sun is Still Sunny" displays Dean and Britta's most sensual vocal interplay to date. After 20 years of Dean Wareham albums, *Back Numbers* is the most adventurous in ages, proving both his and Britta's wells are far from dry.

Brook Thiesen

### Explosions in the Sky

All of a Sudden I  
Miss Everyone  
Constellation

Explosions in the Sky certainly start off its latest effort with, appropriately enough, an explosion of sound. *All of a Sudden I Miss Everyone* begins with an ascending surge of grinding guitars, before dissolving into the familiar soundscape of albums past. "The Birth and Death of the Day" and the 13-minute "What Do You Go Home To?" appear to have personalities, despite being mere arrangements of chords. Each song feels like part of a greater continuous whole, and the band stays true to form with their epic storytelling formula, bleeding each track into the next.

It's the kind of music that makes it feel okay to daydream about ethereal scenes like unicorns prancing in fields or deep-sea adventures. That is, if you're into that kind of thing. All of a sudden, the memory of what it feels like to hear a solid, optimistic and unpretentious album returns since *The Earth Is Not a Cold Dead Place* came out more than three years ago. Instrumental albums have a tendency to fall by the wayside, victims of monotony, but these crashing cymbals and layered walls of sound won't let Explosions in the Sky's name rest.

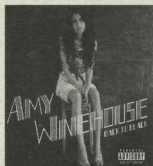
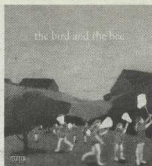
Patricia Matos

### Malajube

Étienne D'août  
Dare to Care

I just. You know. Wanted to. Like. This one. So much. And that way I could have spelled out for you the proper term, neither French nor English.





for the practice of making music good through good music-making practices. The word, my friends, was (and admittedly, to some degree still sounds like) M-A-L-A-J-U-B-E. That definition, though, fits either of their preceding LPs. *Le Compte complit or Trompe l'Oeil*, better than it does their most recent release for Dare to Care Records, a four-song EP entitled *Étienne D'août*.

Remember *Trompe l'Oeil*, the little album that could and did see Montréal's Malajube onto more short lists than the Rankins have Junos? Well, if the most celebrated release by this French Canadian pop-rock quartet was (at least an eponymous) trick of the eye, their *Étienne D'août* stands out on a first listen as some sort of trick of the ear. Like the reproductive motifs that ornament its cardboard sleeve, this baby seems, uh, hastily birthed. Perhaps to say so might be overstating the case, seeing as only four songs populate the EP, two of them being reproductions of the EP title track, "Étienne D'août." Both the version radio and the remix mamen "Elton D'août" redeem the release's wane in whimsy from earlier albums, and "M Pupille" manages to be both energetic and reflective without being too much of either. Remix or not, "File

à Plumes" sounds like the soundtrack to a racing video game where you have to drive a cloud along a magical skyline, shooting rainbow lasers at cackling gorilla puppets. And then. You go back. To "Étienne D'août." Only softer. And longer. Than the first time around. I hardly think, despite my disappointment, that the rift in tone that makes *Étienne D'août* less than what Malajube has been in the past means the band saw the EP as an attempt to rebirth themselves in the way that some artists do in the wake of success. I guess, though, we will have to see with what sort of trick they will come up with next.

Mono Brown

#### Oh No

Exodus into Unheard Rhythms *Stones Throw*

I am a full believer in the talent of the Jackson family. No, not the Gary, Indiana Jacksons, but the Oxnard, California Jacksons. Oh No, née Michael Jackson, is the latest family member to drop an album with *Exodus into Unheard Rhythms*. Oh No is the younger brother of underground beat maestro Madlib and son of 70s soul singer Otis Jackson.

Oh No's *Exodus into Unheard Rhythms* smacks of the tireless crate-digging his older brother is famous for. Many

of Oh No's beats bring a kind of laid back, smoke-a-blunt atmosphere to the forefront, heavy on subdued piano riffs and bopping funk drumming. For the most part Oh No's beats on this album come from Galt MacDermot, the composer of the score for the Broadway musical *Hair* and a renowned jazz musician. The infusion of jazz and funk on Oh No's tracks are, no doubt, a by-product of being around his older brother and soaking in some of his influence.

The rhymes on the album are pretty much on par with any west coast underground compilation. Nothing that will have you silently spitting bars to yourself while taking a piss. Still, it is nice to hear Murs, Cali Agents, Wildchild and Wordsworth drop their contributions. LMNO is on the album, but his track doesn't hold a candle to the verses that he used to spit on the *Beat Junkies* mixes. Buckshot's track, "Get Yours", is probably the best on the album in terms of lyrics, while *Vast Aire*'s opportunity to bring some credibility is severely missed—skip that track. Oh No himself gets on the mic only three times over the whole album but he holds his own; he doesn't need any gimmicks like his older brother to keep your attention.

LaToya, Jermaine, Tito,

Michael and Janet step back. The real Jacksons are making noise.

Andrew Webster

#### Peter Bjorn and John

Writer's Block *Wichita/V2*

To an unfamiliar listener, the first few moments of *Writer's Block* could lead them to believe they are about to embark upon a wispy, pretty, easy-listening, electronic-experimental something-or-other. Such expectations are immediately and vehemently confounded by a roaring, rhythmic assertion to the contrary—the epic has begun and it is unclear whether the listener will be laughing or crying by the end. This is a sound that rolls, soars, chugs along, rolls over again, never stopping, never wavering, if perhaps only for a moment. Such a moment merely hints at an assured sadness just below the surface, tricking you into believing you're about to be let down, however willingly, only for the motion to be reborn yet again. Okay, fine: it is springtime incarnate, slapping you firmly on the back and allowing you to breathe again as though you had forgotten how.

There is a lot going on here: deep and chunky basslines, catchy yet unexpected melodies, cascading tonalities. Vocal harmonies sound

sharp and soft at the same time, subtly echoing into the background and enveloping the multitude of sounds around them. Layers build upon themselves without ever reaching a pinnacle, without ever exploding and dispensing their energy completely, preferring to stop short, leaving the listener in want of more. Funny, then, the sense of satisfaction derived from it all, this constant motion, these highs and lows, this exercise in opposites. Full and gracious, this is no lazy optimism.

Third time around, Peter Bjorn and John have found their epic in the ordinary, and this is simply and superbly a well-crafted pop album. This is music for keeping stride down the street on a sunny day, gliding down the hill on your bicycle en route to the beach, having a whistle-along with your morning cuppa joe, and everything in between. Refreshing and uplifting, *Writer's Block*, of course, demonstrates anything but.

Erika Holt

#### Secret Mommy

Plays *Ache Records*

Secret Mommy, AKA Vancouver's Andy Dixon, is not afraid to tackle a big concept. The idea guiding *Plays* was "to create the most

anti-electronic electronic album," using the patched-together analog sounds recorded from non-electrified instruments. Guided by these Herbert-esque restrictions on recording and a blip-bloop glitchy aesthetic, *Plays* delivers on the promise of the big concept with an album that bridges the gaps between mechanical and human, digital and analog. It's folk music for robots.

Ironically, because of this strict set of rules and limitations, Dixon has provided a much richer soundtrack than is found in most electronic music. Drawing on the skills of a wide range of Vancouver talent, *Plays* escapes drum machine purgatory with a selection of traditional instrumentation and found/made instruments. From the bass clarinet to the autoharp, from bicycle wheels to bubble wrap, there are sounds here that I've never heard in music before.

*Plays* is not without its faults, which are mostly found in the vocal experimentation on a few of the later tracks. The vocals on "Kool Aid River" sound like Aphex Twin and Fall Out Boy had very ugly children. The positive hip-hop verses in "I Can't Get Down," with lines like "I'm a part of this world / like the trees of the earth," seem out of place in





a project like this one.

These small flaws are not enough to befoul the album and its playful assembly of musical weirdness. This is one of the most interesting cut-up, glitchy albums I've heard in the past year, and in a year that includes releases from **Coldcut** and **Squarepusher**, this is no small praise. Secret Mommy has created an album that is interesting, engaging, and defying convention for the glitch genre, listenable and fun. *Plays* will be in heavy rotation, for me, for some time to come.

Greg McMullen

#### Amy Winehouse

##### Back to Black

##### Universal

Everyday, music fans are hit with claims about how piracy is killing the music industry. Everyday, as this dying industry scrambles to find a solution, music fans have to live with the consequences. I can only imagine it's this scrambling that somehow explains why Amy Winehouse's fabulous new record, *Back to Black*, ended up with three different track listings.

Across the pond, in October of last year, this record was unleashed to an impressive amount of fanfare. Apparently, it hit Canadian shelves in December, although with a rather lackluster publicity campaign behind it, you'd be forgiven if you didn't notice. While the brain trust over at Universal Canada were busy figuring out ways to push the new **Hedley** record, Winehouse's profile was elsewhere growing by leaps and bounds, filling pages of both the *NME* and English tabloids, her album skipping its way up the charts. Since the majors are always ready to strike when the iron is hot, a US release was quickly slated for the middle of March, a full five months after its UK release date, eight weeks after the record hit #1 in Britain, and after anyone in America who had got wind of the initial hype had grabbed it off of LimeWire. But enough nitpicking, we music fans should just be happy that we can finally purchase this

stunning follow-up to Winehouse's spotty but endearing debut, *Frank*, right?

Just one question lingers—what version of the disc are you going to end up with if you can find it at your local record shop? The UK release comes with eleven tracks, starting with the soulful stomp of "Rehab" and ending as Winehouse blows over the **Impressions**-inspired strut of "Ad-dicted." The initial Canadian pressing weighs in at a slight ten tracks, leaving off the latter and finishing with the Motown shuffle of "He Can Only Hold Her." But according to Amazon.ca, the domestic release now features the same number of tracks that our Commonwealth cousins enjoy. Of course, we both get screwed out of the beautifully stripped-down, acoustic take of "Love is a Losing Game." The bonus track that rounds out the US version of the record brings the tracklist to our Yankee neighbours enjoy up to a full dozen tunes.

Confused? So am I.

You'll want to get a hold of *Back to Black* somehow, but I'm a bit hesitant to suggest that you pick it up at the store, since who knows what you're going to end up with. I'm sure you have "other" ways of getting music nowadays, anyhow. You can make up your illicit downloading and quasi-legal home taping to Winehouse if she comes to town by buying her a Rick-stasy (her favourite cocktail). Or, if you don't want to encourage her drinking habit, maybe just toss a wadded up twenty on stage. I guarantee that it's about twenty-five times what she gets from an album sale anyhow.

Quinn Omori

#### Youth Group

##### Casino Twilight Dogs

##### Ivy League Records

"I'm so sorry. So sorry. I'm so terribly, terribly sorry. I'm so sorry. So sorry. I'm so terribly, terribly sorry! I'm so sorry. So sorry. So terribly, terribly..."

If you blanked out after the second "sorry" back there, you might find yourself a little worse for wear in choking down all the "sor-

ries" that make up Youth Group's "Sorry," the second track on their latest album, *Casino Twilight Dogs*. Despite—and perhaps because of—the song's mammoth reams of apology, I happen to be playing "Sorry" on a loop as I write this review.

Granted, I am feeling a little droopy about love at the moment, so I'm technically in a prime position to review a band as canonically emo as Youth Group. The Sydney-based quartet grew out of Canberra's indie scene, and has since gained mainstream success with their support of **Death Cab for Cutie** on a 2005 North American tour (sorry, *Discorder* cred, but I'm sweeping any remaining shards of you away by openly admitting that I attended and enjoyed the Vancouver show on this tour). To ice the cake, Youth Group's cover of **Alphaville**'s "Forever Young" appeared on the 2005 *O.C. Soundtrack*, slow-dancing them to mainstream success.

I'm neither a fan of covers nor *The O.C.*, so I'd argue that "Forever Young" is one of the weakest tracks on *Casino Twilight Dogs*. Overall, it's a well-produced, thoughtfully-crafted record, but it lacks that layer of acerbity necessary for music of this genre to really fly. The album is at its best with the playground hum of "Daisy-chains," the cuddly squish of "Under the Underpass," and, yes, the Gilgamesh lament of "Sorry," but the rest of the record is too gentle in its delivery of heartbreak to make any memorable statements. Maybe it's hard for the shy kids in Youth Group to, like, talk too loudly about their feelings, and stuff. Still, I'd give this record bigger ups if it helped me cry so good, but its radio-rock grooming has neutered the possibility of attaching strong emotion to the music.

Jackie Wong

## BRIEF

"NOT YET"

also available:

#### Konono Not

*Complicated LP*  
Experimental African Trance accidentally muted via DIY amplification. Three electric keyboards, equipped with hand-made microphones built from magnets salvaged from old car parts and a rhythm section which uses traditional as well as makeshift percussion (pans, pots and car parts), and a sound system featuring microphones dating from the colonial period.

#### Rauhan Orkesteri /

##### Louhi-lampot

*Syllable and CD*  
Finnish free jazz filled with a rarely encountered pyral energy. "Spirits, sprawling, (and) playful." *Beastrope*

#### Job Mico Och El

##### ABC 441 Tr Co. CDLP

Modern electronic manipulation collides with robust and celebratory cartoon melodies on this, the latest full-length release by the Danish duo.

"Only one grumpiness could cause this music not to bring a smile to one's face." *Urban Pollution*

#### V/A Project Bicycle CDLP

The concept is simple: Give a handful of today's most progressive sound designers only one sample to work with. They are able to manipulate this sample in any way they choose, but their entire song must be composed entirely from the single sound byte, that of a bicycle



Ache Records

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#### SECRET MOMMY Plays

New full length created entirely from acoustic instruments. Over one year in the making, *Plays* is Secret Mommy's crowning achievement. *Plays* swells with human warmth. Strings, brass, and woodwinds form a veil of lush and vivid melodies over top of Mr. Mommy's brand of pining and melodious electronics. Featuring Jesse Zubot of FOND OF TIGERS, Sean Macey, Berry Higginson, and Sarah Jane of THE DOERS, Shane Krause and Ryan McCormick of THEY SHOOT HORSES, Todd & Tyr of THE WINKS, and more.



#### WINNING This is an Ad for Cigarettes

Andy Dixon (Secret Mommy, The Red Light Sling, Ache Records), Paul Palko (The Winks, The Red Light Sling) and Jack Duckworth's (Primes, Radio Berlin) most recent outing. This is an Ad For Cigarettes, Winning's debut release, is an anomaly. Depending on your perspective, it's either a deliberate, mediated attack on rock and punk culture, or an homage and extension of it. The chaotic and seemingly careless execution would suggest the former, while the deep, brooding melodies would imply the latter.



# CITR CHARTS!

## Strictly the dopest hits of February 2007

*CiTR's charts reflect what has been spun on the air for the previous month. Rekkids with stars (\*) mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em there give the Muzak Coordinator a shout at 604-822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely, he'll tell you how to get 'em. To find other great campus/community radio charts check out [www.earshot-online.com](http://www.earshot-online.com).*

| #  | Artist                         | Album                                                 | Label                       |
|----|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1  | Do Make Say Think*             | You, You're A History In Rust                         | Constellation               |
| 2  | Of Montreal                    | Hissing Fauna, Are You The Destroyer?                 | Polyvinyl                   |
| 3  | Fun 100*                       | Goodbye!                                              | Hockey Dad                  |
| 4  | Camera Obscura                 | If Looks Could Kill                                   | Merge                       |
| 5  | The Shins                      | Wincing The Night Away                                | Sub Pop                     |
| 6  | StinkMint*                     | The Red Album                                         | Cochon                      |
| 7  | The Pack*                      | Timtype                                               | Independent                 |
| 8  | Julie Doiron*                  | Woke Myself Up                                        | Endearing                   |
| 9  | Fucked Up*                     | Year Of The Dog                                       | Blocks Recording Club       |
| 10 | Deerhoof                       | Friend Opportunity                                    | Kill Rock Stars             |
| 11 | Organ Trail*                   | Wagon Train                                           | Independent                 |
| 12 | Dead Meadow                    | Dead Meadow                                           | Xemu                        |
| 13 | Various*                       | Burnt Oak Records: You And Yours                      | Burnt Oak                   |
| 14 | Various*                       | Killed By Canada                                      | Fans Of Bad Productions     |
| 15 | Rob Crow                       | Living Well                                           | Temporary Residence         |
| 16 | Hella                          | There's No 666 In Outerspace                          | Ipecac                      |
| 17 | Various*                       | The Music Appreciation Society Presents Vancouver, BC | Canada Council For The Arts |
| 18 | Junior Major*                  | Tic Tac Heart                                         | Independent                 |
| 19 | The Dolly Rocker Movement      | A Purple Journey Into The Mod Machine                 | Off The Hip                 |
| 20 | The Boredoms                   | Super Roots Sampler                                   | Vice                        |
| 21 | Deerhunter                     | Cryptograms                                           | Kranky                      |
| 22 | Geoff Berner*                  | The Wedding Dance of the Widow Bride                  | Jericho Beach               |
| 23 | Arcade Fire*                   | Black Mirror                                          | Merge                       |
| 24 | Apostle of Hustle*             | National Anthem of Nowhere                            | Arts & Crafts               |
| 25 | Winning*                       | This is an Ad for Cigarettes                          | Ache                        |
| 26 | Fennesz                        | Endless Summer Editions                               | Mego                        |
| 27 | Psychic Ills                   | Early Violence                                        | The Social Registry         |
| 28 | Neko Case                      | Live From Austin TX                                   | New West                    |
| 29 | Bonobo                         | Days To Come                                          | Ninja Tune                  |
| 30 | Sohio Youth                    | The Destroyed Room                                    | DGC                         |
| 31 | The Dextateens                 | Hardwire Healing                                      | Skybucket                   |
| 32 | Mother Mother*                 | Touch Up                                              | Last Gang                   |
| 33 | Arab Strap                     | Ten Years of Tears                                    | Chemikal Underground        |
| 34 | Various*                       | Dig Your Roots Creative Jazz                          | DTJR                        |
| 35 | The Good, The Bad, & The Queen | S/T                                                   | EMI                         |
| 36 | Explosions in the Sky          | All of A Sudden I Miss Everyone                       | Temporary Residence         |
| 37 | Steve Reich                    | Reich Remixed 2006                                    | Nonesuch                    |
| 38 | Junior Major*                  | Tic Tac Heart                                         | Independent                 |
| 39 | Million Dollar Marxists*       | Zero Culture                                          | Stumble                     |
| 40 | Menomena                       | Friend And Foe                                        | Barsuk                      |
| 41 | No Luck Club*                  | Prosperity                                            | Igloo Cartel                |
| 42 | Clinic                         | Visitations                                           | Domino                      |
| 43 | The Winks*                     | Birthday Party                                        | Ache                        |
| 44 | The Gruesomes*                 | Live In Hell                                          | Ricochet                    |
| 45 | Pop Levi                       | Blue Honey                                            | Counter                     |
| 46 | +/-Plus/Minus                  | Let The Record Show                                   | Absolutely Kosher           |
| 47 | RJD2                           | The Third Hand                                        | XL                          |
| 48 | Bloc Party                     | A Weekend In The City                                 | Vice                        |
| 49 | Johnny Cash                    | Live In Austin TX                                     | New West                    |
| 50 | Residents                      | Tweedles!                                             | Mute                        |

# CITR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

You can listen to CiTR online at [www.citr.ca](http://www.citr.ca) or on the air at 101.9 FM

|      | Sunday                | Monday                        | Tuesday                   | Wednesday                | Thursday              | Friday                           | Saturday                |
|------|-----------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 6am  | BBC                   | BBC                           | PACIFIC PICKIN'           | BBC                      | BBC                   | BBC                              | BBC                     |
| 7am  |                       |                               |                           |                          |                       |                                  |                         |
| 8am  |                       |                               |                           |                          |                       |                                  |                         |
| 9am  | TANA RADIO            | BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS     | FILL-IN                   | SUBURBAN JUNGLE          | END OF THE WORLD NEWS | CUTE BAND ALERT!                 | THE SATURDAY EDGE       |
| 10am | SHOOKSHOOKA           |                               | THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM    | PLANET LOVETRON          | SWEET 'N' HOT         | SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE             |                         |
| 11am | KOL NODEDI            | LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... | MORNING AFTER SHOW        | ANOIZE                   | DUNCAN'S DONUTS       | THESE ARE THE BREAKS             | GENERATION ANNIHILATION |
| 12pm | THE ROCKERS SHOW      | ALT. RADIO                    | GIVE 'EM THE BOOT         | WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND  | WE ALL FALL DOWN      |                                  | POWERCHORD              |
| 1pm  |                       | PARIS UNKNOWN                 | BISSEK RHYME REEL TO REAL | DEMOCRACY NOW            | INKSTUDS              | RADIO ZERO                       |                         |
| 2pm  |                       |                               | CAREER FAST TRACK         | RUMBLETONE RADIO A GO GO | FILL-IN               | CRIMES & TREASURES               | CODE BLUE               |
| 3pm  | BLOOD ON THE SADDLE   | FILL-IN                       | NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS    | EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE      |                       | NARDUAR PRESENTS                 |                         |
| 4pm  | CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING | SAINT TROPEZ                  | NEWS 101 W.L.N.G.S.       | WENER'S BBQ              | NECESSARY VOICES      | MY SCIENCE PROJECT               | LEO RAMIREZ SHOW        |
| 5pm  |                       |                               | UNCOMMON PRACTICE         | PLEX YOUR HEAD           | AND SOMETIMES WHY     | AFROBEAT                         | OUR WAVE                |
| 6pm  | QUEER FM              | SON OF NITE DREAMS            |                           |                          | SAMSON'S HIDEAWAY     | EXQUISITE CORPSE                 | SHADOW JUGGLERS         |
| 7pm  |                       | KARASU                        |                           |                          |                       | LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL | SYNAPTIC SANDWICH       |
| 8pm  | RHYTHMSINDIA          |                               | SALARIO MINIMO            | FOLK OASIS               |                       | LAUGH TRACKS                     | BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT |
| 9pm  | MONDO TRASHO          | THE JAZZ SHOW                 | CAUGHT IN THE RED         | JUICEBOX                 |                       | RAW RADIO                        | CONCEPTION RADIO        |
| 10pm | TRANCENDANCE          |                               |                           | HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR  |                       | I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES             |                         |
| 11pm |                       |                               |                           |                          |                       |                                  |                         |
| 12am | DISASTERPIECE THEATRE | VENGEANCE IS MINE             |                           |                          |                       |                                  |                         |
| 1am  |                       |                               | AURAL TENTACLES           |                          |                       |                                  |                         |
| 2am  | BBC                   | BBC                           |                           | BBC                      | BBC                   | BBC                              | BBC                     |
| 3am  |                       |                               |                           |                          |                       |                                  |                         |
| 4am  |                       |                               |                           |                          |                       |                                  |                         |
| 5am  |                       |                               |                           |                          |                       |                                  |                         |

## SUNDAY

### TANA RADIO (World)

### SHOOKSHOOKA (World)

### KOL NODEDI (World)

Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids. Seldom-rattled pocketfuls of roots and gems, recalling other times, and other places, to vast crossroads en route to the unknown and the unclaimable. East Asia. South Asia. Africa. The Middle East. Europe. Latin America. Gypsy. Fusion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders. Always transporting.

### THE ROCKERS SHOW (Reggae)

### BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (Rock)

### CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (Pop)

British pop music from all de-

cadies. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

### SAINT TROPEZ (Pop)

### QUEER FM (Talk)

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

### RHYTHMSINDIA (World)

Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

### MONDO TRASHO (Eclectic)

### TRANCENDANCE (Dance)

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest

trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

[trancendance@hotmail.com](mailto:trancendance@hotmail.com)

### DISASTERPIECE THEATRE (Talk)

## MONDAY

### BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (Eclectic)

Your favourite Brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

### LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS... (Eclectic)

A mix of indie pop, indie rock, and pseudo underground hip hop, with your host, Jordan Sparkle.

### ALT. RADIO (Talk)

Hosted by David B.

### PARIS UNKNOWN (Pop)

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

### LET'S GET BAKED w/ MATT & DAVE (Eclectic)

Vegan baking with "rock stars"

like Sharp Like Knives, Whitey Houston, the Novaks and more.

### NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS (Talk)

A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity. We are all volunteers committed to promoting Native self-determination, culturally, economically, spiritually and otherwise. The show is self-sufficient, without government or corporate funding.

### NEWS 101 (Talk)

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

### W.L.N.G.S. (Talk)

Womens International News Gathering Service.

### SON OF NITE DREAMS (Eclectic)

### UNCOMMON PRACTICE (Classical)

All the classical music you don't hear on mainstream radio! A va-

riety of innovative and interesting works from the 20th and 21st centuries, with an occasional neglected masterpiece from earlier eras.

### KARUSI (World)

### THE JAZZ SHOW (Jazz)

Vancouver's longest running primetime jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave, Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm.

March 5: Only the Blues pits two jazz masters in a jam session context. Modern jazz great Sonny Stitt (alto saxophone) and swing-era great Roy Eldridge (trumpet) spar on four long tunes hosted by pianist Oscar Peterson and Co.

March 12: Today is a sadly famous day in jazz history, as it marks the 52nd anniversary of the death of the most important musician in modern jazz history: alto saxophone master Charlie Parker. We honour "Bird" by playing some important recordings by his working band that also featured trumpeter Miles Davis. Bird lives!!!

March 19: The Mingus big band Live in Tokyo recorded on New Year's Eve of 2005. This band is keeping alive the legacy of Charles Mingus. This band burns and would be the kind of band Mingus would have if he were still on the planet. Mingus lives!!!

March 26: The oddly titled band called The MJT Plus Three was a hot little band of Chicago-based players who all moved to New York in the early 1960s. They recorded several albums before breaking up, and Make Everybody Happy was one of their best. Drummer Walter Perkins and bassist Bob Cranshaw were the Modern Jazz Two (MJT) and the Plus 3 were pianist Harold Mabern, alto saxophone master Frank Strozier and brassy trumpeter Willie Thomas. One super band!

VENGEANCE IS MINE (Punk)

All the best the world of punk has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn.



## TUESDAY

### PACIFIC PICKIN' (Roots)

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.

### HIGHBRED VOICES (World)

### THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM (Rock)

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourage that is Rock and Roll! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal!

bornsixtynine@hotmail.com

### MORNING AFTER SHOW (Eclectic)

### GIVE 'EM THE BOOT (World)

Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional and modern. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

### BESNERIC RHYME (Talk)

Interviews with contemporary Canadian poets. We'll talk about line breaks, construction bosses named Phil, and the invitational you.

### REEL TO REEL (Talk)

Movie reviews and criticism.

### EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (Premix)

En Avant La Musique! se concentre sur le métissage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

### WENER'S BARBEQUE (Sports)

Join the sports department for their coverage of the T-Birds.

### FLEX YOUR HEAD (Hardcore)

Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. Flexyourhead.

### SALARIO MINIMO (World)

Salario Minimo, the best rock in Spanish show in Canada.

### CAUGHT IN THE RED (Rock)

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of rock'n'roll debris. Dig it!

### PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (Eclectic)

### AURAL TENTACLES (Eclectic)

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

## WEDNESDAY

### SUBURBAN JUNGLE (Eclectic)

With host Robert Robot. One part classic electronics. One part plunderphonics/mashup. Two parts new and experimental techno. One part progressive hip-hop. Mix and add informative banter and news for taste. Let stand. Serve, and enjoy.

planetlovetron@gmail.com

### ANOIZE (Noise)

Luke Meat irritates and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

## WRAPPED IN SILVER SOUND

(Eclectic)

### DEMOCRACY NOW (Talk)

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

### RIMBLETONE RADIO (Rock)

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage/mayhem

### NECESSARY VOICES (Talk)

Socio-political/environmental activist news and spoken word with some music too.

### AND SOMETIMES WHY (Pop/Eclectic)

First Wednesday of every month.

### SAMSQUANCH'S HIDEAWAY (Eclectic)

juiceboxx (Talk)

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness, and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span!

www.juiceboxradio.com

### FOLK OASIS (Roots)

Two hours of eclectic roots music. Don't own any Birkenstocks? Allergic to patchouli? C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.

### HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (Hans Kloss)

This is pretty much the best thing on radio.

## THURSDAY

### END OF THE WORLD NEWS (Eclectic)

### SWEET 'N' HOT (Jazz)

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, 30s, and 40s.

### DUNCAN'S DONUTS (Eclectic)

Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.

### WE ALL FALL DOWN (Eclectic)

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

### CRIMES & TREASONS (Hip Hop)

### MY SCIENCE PROJECT (Talk)

Zoom a little zoom on the My Science Project rocket ship, piloted by your host, Julia, as we navigate eccentric, under-exposed, always relevant and plainly cool scientific research, technology, and poetry (submissions welcome).

mysciencenoprojectradio@yahoo.ca

### PEDAL REVOLUTION (Talk)

### ATROBEAT (World)

Music of the world, with a special dance around African drum beats. My passion is music from the African Diaspora. Catch up on the latest and reminisce on classic spins.

myatrobeat@yahoo.com

### EXQUISITE CORPSE (Experimental)

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

### LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL (Live Music)

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent...LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this.

### LAUGH TRACKS (Talk)

### RAW RADIO (Hip Hop)

## FRIDAY

### CUTE BAND ALERT! (Eclectic)

### SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (Ska)

Email requests to:

djska\_1@hotmail.com

### THESE ARE THE BREAKS (Hip Hop)

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

### RADIO ZERO (Eclectic)

### NARDWAAR THE HUMAN SERVICE PRESENTS (Nardwaar)

### THE CANADIAN WAY (Eclectic)

Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montréal!

thecanadianway@postcar.com

### AFRICAN RHYTHMS (World)

David "Love" Jones brings you the best of new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

www.africanrhythmsradio.com

### SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER (Soul/R'n'B)

I LIKE THE SCRUBBLES (Eclectic) Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the internet. 10% discount for callers who are certified insane. Hosted by Chris D.

### SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER (Soul/R'n'B)

Line-up:

## SATURDAY

### THE SATURDAY EDGE (Roots)

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

### GENERATION ANNIHILATION (Punk)

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

www.streetpunkradio.com

crashburnradio@yahoo.ca

### POWERCHORD (Metal)

Vancouver's only true metal show: local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Geoff the Metal Pimp and guests do the damage.

### CODE BLUE (Roots)

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

### THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (World)

The best of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

### OUR WAVE (World)

News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.

### SHADOW JUGGLERS (Dance/Electronic)

An exciting show of Drum n' Bass with DJs Jimmie & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for give-aways every week. Keep feeling da beatz.

### SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)

### BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT CONCEPTION RADIO (Talk)

# CITR 101.9 FM: Official Sponsor of Good Times

by Robert Robot



No, we're not talking about *Good Times*, that dynamite mid-seventies sitcom (although Jimmie "J.I." Walker is pretty sweet). We're talking about all the events CITR Radio provides our audience all year round. On top of the unique and unparalleled sonic gold we transmit over the airwaves, publishing this infamous magazine every month, and hosting Shindig, Vancouver's annual battle o' the bands, this year the CITR good times just won't stop. From June 11th to 16th, CITR and our friends at CJSF and Co-op Radio will be hosting the National Campus Community Radio Conference (NCRCC) 2007. For almost a week, Vancouver will turn into a playground for Canada's campus/community radio sector with visitors descending on our fair city from all corners of our country and beyond. In preparation for the multitude of events we have planned for NCRCC, we, like any business-minded organization, made a very important decision: to throw a party. As usual, an eclectic group of artists are on the bill to delight and strike glue into even the glummiest of hearts. For a measly ten bucks, you'll not only be entertained, but will also be helping to support the conference, much of which is open to the public—including an impressive list of live shows soon to be announced. So bring your friends, call your folks, and get down to the Lamplighter on Saturday. Good times are guaranteed! Jimmie "J.I." Walker isn't.

Line-up:

### Midnight Dragon [Dirty Boogie Rock]

"Loud, dirty, and always ready to get down, Midnight Dragon are Vancouver's trashiest boogie band."

### Circus in Flames [Noir Country]

A "garage string band" with a "unique but rooted musical vision."

### Junior Major [Hot Girl Pop]

"Stripped down, poppy, noisy, and fun."

Date: Saturday, March 10th, 2007

Venue: The Lamplighter at 210 Abbott St., Vancouver

Doors: 9pm (Show at 10pm)

Tickets: \$10 in advance at Zulu, Scratch, and Red Cat

Still have questions?

Contact CITR Promo Gal, Mya B, at merchvancouver@gmail.com.

## Art Director.

Drawing, Photographing, Typesetting, Learning, Helping, Sharing, Coordinating and Liaising.

## Production Manager.

Coordinating, Drawing, Typesetting, Helping, Photographing, Sharing and Liaising also.

discordered@gmail.com

discorder.ca





# HAVE YOU HEARD NEON BIBLE? Zulu asks the question and has the answer.

## ARCADE FIRE Neon Bible CD/Deluxe CD

Perhaps this is the most anticipated release of 2007! Well, we can now with utmost confidence tell you that Montreal's little band that could will not disappoint on this, their sophomore release! Following up one of the best indie debut albums of all time would be a no-brainer task, yet this band of merry music makers have let the blooms of 2004's *Funeral* go to seed only to have the new rushes of *Neon Bible* robustly come in. For the new epic the combo hasn't drastically altered their uniquely emotionally charged sound, but instead developed it into refined revolutionary rock amber through more interesting instrumental choices including mandolins, psycho strings and delicate acoustic guitar motifs. Cementing this brooding mass is White's categorical vocal delivery that acts as a bombastic call to arms to overthrow the oppressive structures and ennuis of modern society. There are few bands out there that can match *Arcaide Fire's* new emotional quotient, add their theatrical grandiosity and unique ability to connect with their audiences, and it quickly becomes obvious why they have risen to the top of the world's rock Pantheon. *Neon Bible* sounds like a band comfortable with their glory — yet willing to make havoc with the spotlight! Enjoy! AVAILABLE MARCH 6\*

CD 16.98 Deluxe CD 19.98

## TED LEO AND THE PHARMACISTS Living With The Living CD

With his latest, *Living with the Living*, Ted Leo delivers that existentialist ethos to a new crop of rude boys. For their fifth full-length release *Living with the Living*, Ted & Co. wipe clean the slate that once held names like *Weezer*, *Strawberry* and *Beats* and make some of their finest recent musical announcements. "Army Bound" and "La Costa Bora" evoke the melodic spirit of *Andy Partridge*, *Ray Davies* and *Argy-Bargy* *Squeeze*, while "Colleen" is Ted's most successful meditation on pop music yet. "A Bottle of Colleen" clicks pink glasses with the *Pegues* and captures Ted bucking up the rhythms of his Irish ancestry. And stretching his boundaries further still, songs like "The Torso and the Torso", "The Lost Brigade" and "The Unwanted Things" find Ted taking his jaunts in new directions, with vocals that caress each composition with the greatest delicacy and grace. Along with the punk sound and energy found in *Ted Leo and the Pharmacists*, previous works, *Living with the Living* finds soul, funk and R&B injected into the trajectory. As we've learned from those artists, vital, impassioned music is often the direct result of a dire political climate, and *Living with the Living* is a shining example of that truism. AVAILABLE MARCH 6\*

CD 16.98

## APPLES IN STEREO New Magnetic Wonder CD

Head Apple Robert Schneider has lead his heavenly pop band through over a decade of melodic indulgence and along the way touched the hearts of many a loyal Zulu customer. One such music lover is *Elph* *Wood*, who when in town before the lens would keenly frequent our bins looking for that next best of pop urgency. Finally, as head of his own record stable *Mr. Wood* can fervently support his longtime love of the Elephant 6 pop sound and the studio wizardry of Schneider and his fellow *ELO* *Beach Boys* and *Parment* included path! This is the *Apples*' fifth release of "superactive fuzzy indie rock and surreal bubblegum, spiced with colors bright enough to glow in the dark" — if this don't make you feel warm inside nothing will! Recommended for those looking for that lost *Olivia Tremor Control* feeling!

CD 16.98

## POP LEVI The Return to Form Black Majik Party CD

Calling all Children of The Revolution! We know it's gonna take some special swag to shake you out into the street in your boogie shoes, spaceman. We know that when you hear the words "Glank Rock" you sometimes cringe and long for the Startist Electric Warrior days of old. But we also know when a good thing comes shining through the stars down the Milky Way of ecstasy and into our jaxbox in the name of *Pop Levi!!!* Oh lord, sweet lord, thank you for the new messiah for the man not afraid to get the balls loose and thus freely conjure up a heady brew of sexually charged party-power-pop reminiscent of the days when platonic and phallic and shag and shag and shag ruled the dance floor. *Pop Levi* (not his real name) knows that rock music is supposed to be dangerous, hedonistic, enigmatic, and like the wick in a powder keg, a fuse to destroy everything standing between you and pleasure. Just one listen and you will be at the *Black Majik Party* in no time!

CD 16.98

## DO MAKE SAY THINK You, You're a History in Rust CD

*Do Make Say Think* are one of the most consistently inventive instrumental rock bands of the past decade, and one of the most self-reliant. *DMST* members themselves have recorded, mixed and mastered all the band's work, developing a highly original and finely detailed approach to audio production. *You, You're a History in Rust* is the fifth record by *Do Make Say Think*, and a brilliant extension of the band's unique sonic narrative. Anchored once again by fingerpicked acoustic guitars, these compositions trace erratic circles around a flickering, elusive center, with swarms of percussion and horns that swirl like moths around an astral campfire. This organic non-linearity will be familiar to fans of the band, as *DMST* has been honing this kind of overlapping, multi-thematic, ebb and flow since their inception. With *History in Rust*, they've reached a new peak of deconstructive talent. Never academic or self-indulgent, *DMST* continues to sustain their tradition of authenticity and artfulness.

CD 14.98

## !!! Myth Takes CD

A dance-funk-pop continuum to mutate. !!! (Chic Chic) found their principal place as the preeminent voice on the deconstructed dance floor scene! With thumb, shake and a bit of ESO-inspired boogie, NYC's !!! have followed up 2004's now classic *London Up Now* (2004) with one of the finest records of this young year.

Loaded with genres galloping post-modern anthems that keep you on the "Shove with their catchy familiarity, *Myth Takes* is a massive achievement in composition as over the course of it, numerous dancefloor faves it captures a rare playfully experimental spirit and good time energy. Dig the low end rumble of the bass-heavy psychedelic album opener "Myth Takes" as well as the New Music-aqua embrace of "Myth Takes, closer "Infelito" — clearly, *Myth Takes* are not mistakes. Highly Recommended.

CD 16.98



## JULIAN FANE Our New Quarters CD

Many people know, but few will come forward and tell you that Vancouver is the perfect city to go incongruous in. We have long been a safe haven for stars to hometown in, as our streets, cafes and stores offer all the anonymity to relieve a soul living a very public life. So, here is the new record from international electronics pop star *Julian Fane* a.k.a. Vancouver's best kept secret. It is nearly impossible to see *Julian* around town, especially as there are conflicting reports as to who he actually is, how he styles himself, and what exactly he does to occupy his time while not creating some of the most sublime electronic pop songs around. What sort of mind would come up with compositions that manage to synthesize the playful bounce of *The Magnetic Fields*, the blissed-out tones of *MBV* and the angelic vocal delivery of *Sigur Ros*? We can only hazard a guess. *Our New Quarters* offers all the clues you need!

CD 16.98

## EXPLOSIONS IN THE SKY All of the Sudden I Miss Everyone CD

Thirty seconds is all you'll need to believe in the tragedy-turned-majesty of *All of a Sudden I Miss Everyone*, the long-awaited fourth album from *Explosions in the Sky*. In recent years, these moody Texans have become leading torch-bearers of instrumental rock sublimity. The hands-over-your-face, drop-to-your-knees opening track is only the beginning of the dominating power of this record. Recorded by *John Congleton* (*The Roots*, *The Mountain Goats*) at Pachyderm Studios in rural Minnesota, the album is a massive leap forward, showcasing a broader instrumental range and their most focused, efficient songwriting to date. It's also within arm's length of matching the overwhelming glory of their legendary live shows, trading in the crystalline production of *The Earth Is Not a Cold Dead Place* for a paint-peeling intensity that blurs the lines between studio and live performance.

CD 16.98

## PG SIX Slightly Sorry CD

*P.G. Six* is one *Pat Gubler*, formerly a key player in NYC's late, revered psych-folk supergroup *The Tower*. Recordings (which also spawned the heralded likes of *MV/EE* and *Samara Lubelski*). As such, *Gubler* was ferrying traditional fingerpicking balladry into interior space long before anyone coined the term "folk rock," and his powerfully mature style made his earlier records dig favourites with the Zulu staff. Now signed to Drag City records (home of *Jenna Novoson*, *Dominic "Prince" Billy*, *Smog*, *White Magic*, etc.), *P.G. Six* is presenting their magnanimous, a folk-rock masterpiece that exemplifies everything that's great about *Drag City* music. *Slightly Sorry* is wise and worldly, willow-thin and lonely and then suddenly full with organ tones and choral harmony. It's a timeless rare and deep set of songs in the spirit of *John Fahey* and *Neil Young*, well-played, well-produced, and gimmick-free. A rare treasure!

CD 16.98

## BESNARD LAKES The Besnard Lakes are The Dark Horse CD

Imagine a sonic landscape shaped by an eerie aesthete falling somewhere between a *David Lynch* phantasmagoria and the tranquil mis-enclosures of the Italian masters *Fellini* and *Antonioni*. Dreamy and inviting, yet also haunting and estranged, this is a place where the mind opens and unfurls a steady stream of piercing images to animate the night. A flaming dark horse gallops across your field of vision, it's hooves thundering a loneliness in the clouds, and with it, a slow drip and an elegiac ballad the feels the very breeze of *The Besnard Lakes*. The curtain sheet swoys like a lost lover's tangled hair and with it an enticing melody comes forth to seduce and kill. You toss the bedside orchids that cradle your belief in magic into the air and they float amongst a miasma of angelic voices whispering "Besnard" to which you reply in chorus "Desolation". Tonight you are caught in the wake of the *Besnard Lakes* — there is nothing you can do — give in.

CD 16.98

## FOR YOUR EXQUISITE CONSIDERATION:

Air — Pocket Symphony CD  
The Pink Mountaintops — *Life Like 7*

M. Ward — *To Go Home CDEP*  
Minus The Bear — *Interprecciones Del Orso CD*

The Frames — *The Cost CD*  
Bobby Conn — *King For A Day CD*

Calla — *Strength in Numbers CD*  
Sondre Lerche — *Phantom Punch CD*

Trans Am — *Sex Change CD/LP*  
Elvis Perkins — *Ash Wednesday CD*

Money Mark — *Brand New By Tomorrow CD*  
The Silos — *Come On Like The Fast Lane CD*

The Knife — *Marble House CDEP*  
Mick Harvey — *Motion Picture Music CD*

David Bowie — various reissues limited-ed. CD  
Southern Culture on the Skids — *Countrypolitan Favorites CD*

High Llamas — *Can Cladders CD*



## Zulu Records

1972-1976 W 4th Ave  
Vancouver, BC

tel 604.738.3232

www.zulurecords.com

## STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30-7:00  
Thurs and Fri 10:30-9:30  
Sat 9:30-6:30  
Sun 12:00-6:00

SALE PRICES ON SALE UNTIL MARCH 31, 2007